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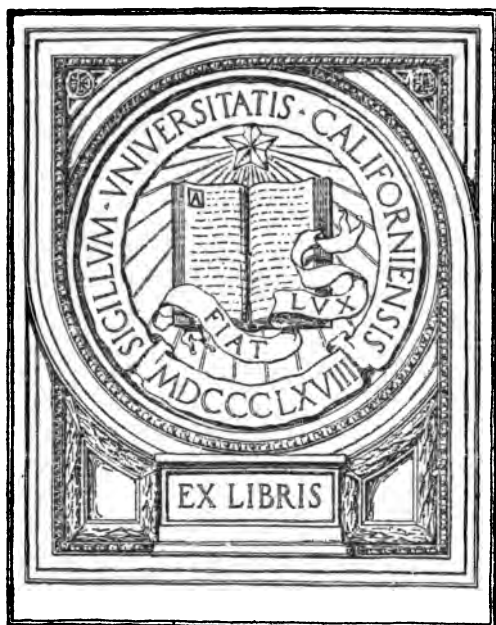
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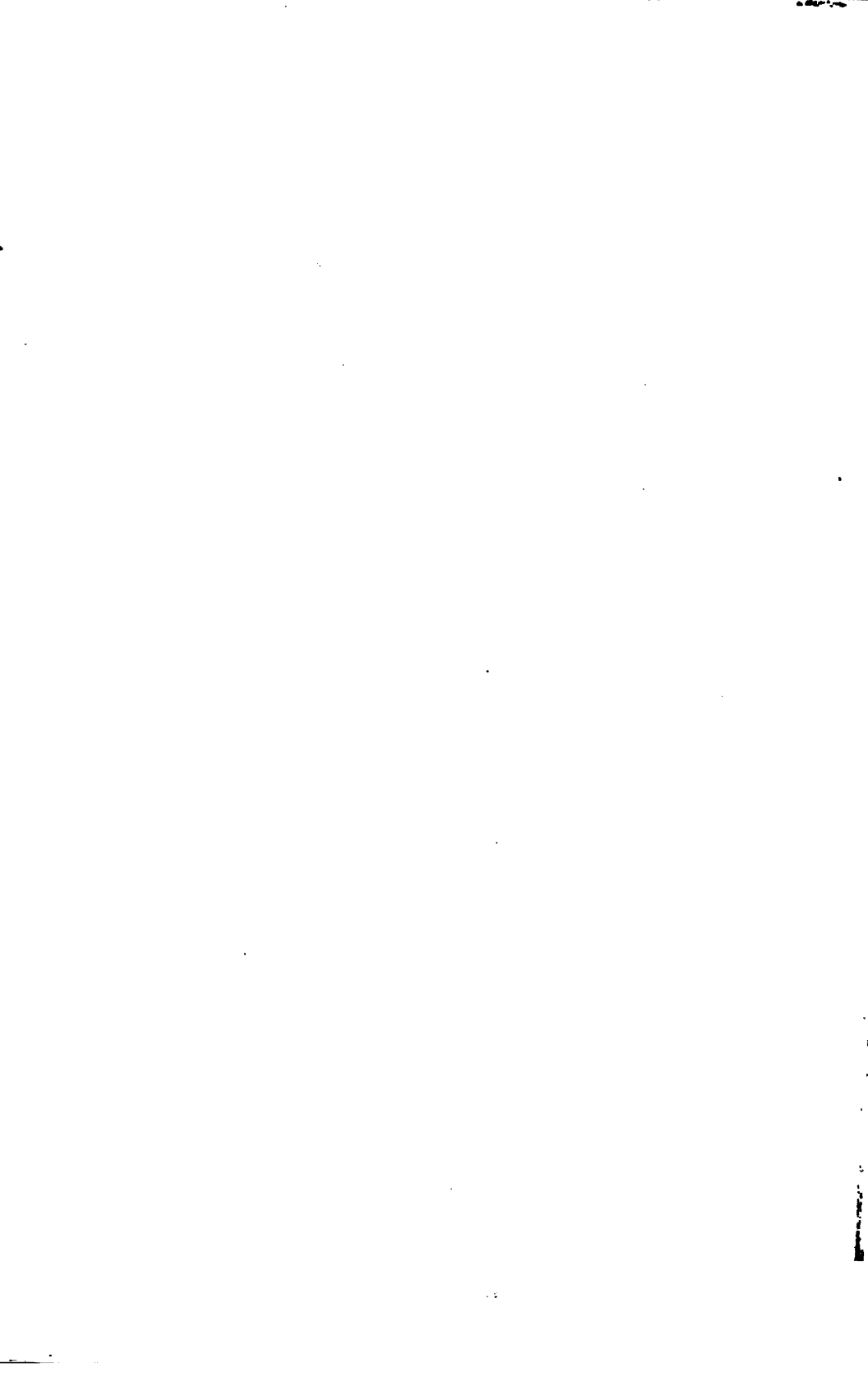
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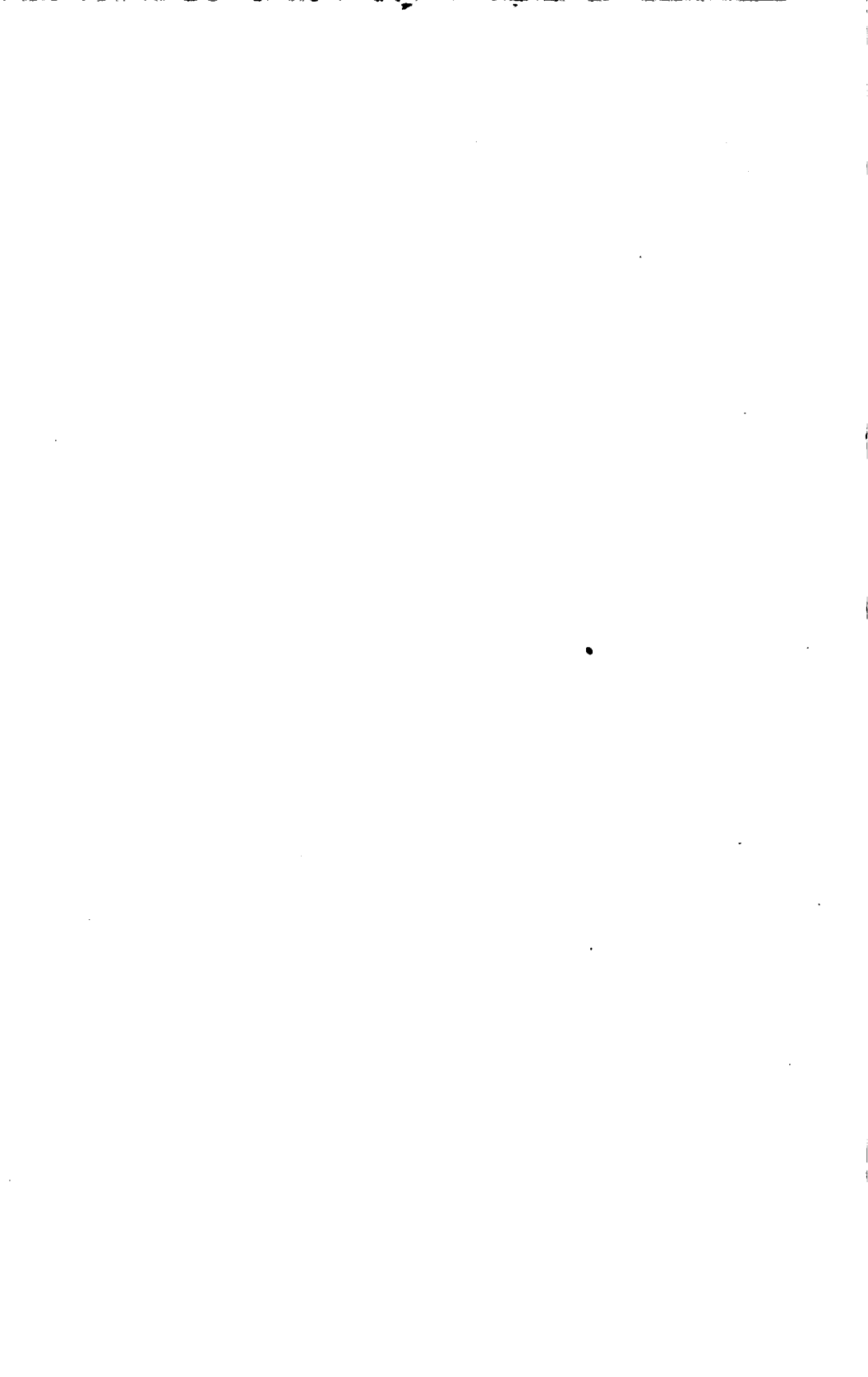
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J. H.



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# **Modern Idealised Conversations**





# Loniceræ

## THE MAN.

This is the hour God goes upon the hills  
 For vigil, and to watch the western sky. . . .  
 I doubted not He went there in those days  
 When you and He were otherwise. . . . And now  
 We two meet so, nor marvel at the years  
 That built a temple over my desire,  
 And made my madness holy that is dust ;  
 That made my soul reverberant, and made  
 My pulses echo anthems learnt of God. . . .  
 Whose fault was it that diapason's done ?  
 Whose flaw, that fractured first the tender truth  
 Of ties that not all of the outer world  
 In wrath had broken up, nor death destroyed ?  
 Yours—that were in the spirit unashamed  
 At mean things done disloyal to our love—  
 Love that is loyal loves not treachery :  
 I say the spirit's is the parent sin,  
 If flesh be less than soul for humankind !  
 There is no respite for a man who loves,  
 His body knows no stagnant periods ;  
 But, as a tide without an ebb, desire  
 Flows in upon him ever, unappeased :  
 Only by consummation comes his calm.  
 These things came out of chaos with the sun.  
 Oh yes, Morality ! And yet I think  
 Is Woman's Wit the older word, with more  
 Of saving grace in it than half the codes  
 That seek to starve our sex and not to save.  
 The man who loves may ease a woman's whims

And load himself without her sympathy,  
And kneel before her spirit in his own  
Bowed by a weight of his unworthiness.  
No man is man to lackey vanity  
And ask a woman's pardon for his place.  
Ungracious women mother many sins. . . .  
Bitter ? No ! Bitterness is past for me.  
For me the past is dead and full of dust.  
And I, unmoved, have seen her that I loved  
Go by with less of light upon her hair  
Than on September stubble-fields. With less  
Of weariness than wonder now there comes  
Her image on me, sometimes, unawares—  
Though with the wonder of a poor surprise.  
Yet since no man may live and quite forget,  
Though where he loved he wooed but his own dreams,  
I still must keep one meaning for my mind  
From that old splendour silenced in my heart.  
The scent of honeysuckle wakens it:  
And once again is summer glorious,  
With her old sun-strength ardent, greatly good.  
If ever you were glad I loved you, keep  
Such gladness fresh with woodbine fragrances,  
If so it please you. Something less than joy  
Is heartened into ache, if less than pain;  
And the dead days are not so dead for me.  
This is my only harvest of our love—  
To find me wistful at the woodbine flowers.  
For I remember how you went with me,  
One morning, down the middle of the year. . . .  
The long road yet comes grey across the hill  
By dense dark woods and shine of ruddy wheat,

Where ruddier poppies hide or take the sun,  
 And purple knapweeds darkling dream across  
 The variant gold of bird's-foot trefoil days.  
 Swifts, like spent arrows glancing from the clouds,  
 Drift down the wind, high over us: and all  
 The ways of little streams are half revealed  
 By fragrant methods of the meadowsweet.  
 But most the honeysuckle I recall.  
 It is a land whose likeness mocks our own;  
 Where August comes to meet us from the hills.  
 This is your kingdom left you at the last—  
 Your last of love, where once you had held sway  
 From my horizons northward, to the south,  
 And from the sunrise, out beyond the arch  
 Of the half-sunken sun to solemn things  
 That have their home behind a sunseting;  
 From star-dawn on the sapphire slopes of night,  
 By midnight's massed momentous quietude,  
 To lovely latitudes where morning moves  
 In orient twilight putting out the stars. . . .  
 I bared my soul before you, having trust;  
 Without which love goes weakly with slow wings.  
 Since love that is not free may hardly know  
 Sweet pride in his own servitude, or choice,  
 I blame you nowise that a naked soul  
 Was in your eyes a thing to stimulate  
 Vain lusts in you and gape of curious men.  
 But since you did this, so did you destroy  
 My trust in you; and trust is that in love  
 Whereby men grow to greater, as men rise  
 From baseness only having trust in God—  
 That Purpose men call God, which stands for truth

Whereof is evil known for evil. . . . Now,  
It seems, you would regain your empery ?  
You, who have with your own hands shorn away  
Such dignity as might a sin-soiled man,  
From power of passion's purifying fire,  
Forge as a sceptre meeter made for love. . . .  
Stand near a little ! Let me search your eyes  
If I may read a hunger there that shames  
Some semblance of its shadow into mine. . . .  
For I have seen on long-forgotten trails  
Old hounds, half blind, that rummaged in the weeds,  
Hunt mute a hundred paces and give tongue—  
A whimper that awakes from out their blood  
On who-knows-what old phantom quest; cast back,  
And, troubled, stare above their heavy haws  
At far dim fields, and hearken echoings  
Of memories running strongly. Once I sought,  
As all men on their hunting days must go,  
Perforce, to find a mate and make them mad. . . .  
Who knows I now may chance on some old trail  
Of passion, that was you in other years ?  
I say I cannot cross the woodbine's zone  
But I pick up a line that leads to you. . . .  
Because of that far-off behind-the-hedge,  
Where not more fragrant was the woodbine blown  
Upon my senses than your sun-warm hair. . . .  
I climbed through thorns and gathered of the flowers.  
And I had climbed. . . . I might have gathered *you*.  
I saw your soul there to my hand that day;  
And all your body brushed me like a fire  
Of August suns that strikes a field of wheat  
Hotly, with sudden passion, under clouds. . . .

I would not cross a field to seek you now—  
This is the saddest thing of love, I think.  
Before, I would have sought you through the world. . . .

“ A law of life, all moral laws above—  
Who breaks shall surely scourge him with a rod:  
Whoso shall offer insult unto love  
Shall spit upon the very face of God.”

So I have heard, and likewise this for truth:—  
This is the hell of women, to have slain,  
Not as the splendid wantons of old time—  
Hot-mouthed, so even lust was eloquent  
With raptured immolation—love's desire,  
But on the altar of their meaner moods,  
Vainglorious promptings, braggart self-conceits,  
And that cheap pride of cheaper modesty  
Mouthing a lover's passion for the praise  
Of idle ears, and turning tender trust  
To vulgar tribute: modesty that craves  
Envy from other women while it scorns,  
As things immodest, franker unrestraint  
Of women quick to love and quick to own. . . .  
There is no heaven lovers may not climb  
With the strong pulse of twofold passion blent  
In psychic pinions Godward, nor no hell  
So deep that Love may hide his dead away  
Among its nadir-night of mocking stars,  
That haunt like ghosts what love might else have been. . . .  
Such reverence as man may give was yours  
Freely. I knew no higher God than Love,  
Nor needed any. Now is Reverence

Done to such death as no dog ever died.  
 And when you lied against my love there died  
 Something, in flower, that will not bloom again.  
 Remains, one day among ripe harvest-lands—  
 I may not lose its mocking memory.  
 You would not lose it also ? So, you say ?  
 Well, since Love levies, like an overlord,  
 Tribute of every season, if you crave  
 The arid harvest of defeat and drouth,—  
 If you are fain for fruit of bitterness,  
 We two needs make but pilgrimage along  
 The smiling margins of that Dead-Sea place.  
 Abele-trees whiten every wind, and there  
 Love walks, *in sepulchretis*, by the corn.  
 And by the corn the honeysuckles blow:  
 Whilst August brings the lengthening night; and sweet  
 The great green Mother's peace is and her rest  
 Until her lord shall turn to her again.  
 We, who have never mixed us, well may meet  
 And turn once more by unforgetful ways;  
 (Belike the Traveller's Joy remembers us  
 In some warm-scented corner of those lands)  
 With quiet eyes fulfil a destiny—  
 Grave-watchers of resurgent death-in-love. . . .  
 To-morrow, then ? Now go—before the night,  
 That settles eastward hard upon our tracks,  
 Rises and clothes the ways before us, as behind.  
 It's strange that now the west is over-dark  
 For all its crimson; while the east, for all  
 Its sable shade, gleams like a broad blue flower.  
 No man, it seems, may bridle so his blood  
 Some shadow may not start it from his hand.

Since love is over for us I would lust  
 In nowise for you—*why*, I hardly know.  
 I loved you with my body and my soul:  
 My body sinned, I think, for weariness  
 Of passion striving hard with hopeless things.  
 But in my soul there was more purity  
 Than had sufficed to keep me clean for you,  
 Had you been less ungracious. Now that love  
 Is over for us I would near his grave  
 With none of impious passion in my heart,  
 But with clear eyes, though eyes that cannot weep,  
 Calm thoughts,—perhaps with flowers of woodbine flung  
 Before his last sole shrine. Therefore I say  
 Go from me *now*, a hungry man in this—  
 I may not stand beside you in the dark:  
 Ghosts are revealed of night as well as stars;  
 And troubled spirits, of its quietude. . . .  
 She's gone. . . . God ! how this dark hedge breathes of  
     her !  
 I would her soul were half as sweet to me.

. . . . .  
 This morning finds your mood unchanged ? I thought  
 You would repent you of last night's desire.  
 Since you have still the same mind on this thing,  
 What shall be said between us ? . . . Going grey ?  
 Yes, long ago. *You* have not altered much—  
 Excepting that one alteration Time  
 Had hardly wrought with all his change of years. . . .  
 Some cloud and sun the morning promises,  
 Wind from the south-west, but no rain, I think;  
 The same as was that morning long ago. .



THE WOMAN.

It rained that day. . . .

THE MAN.

Oh ?

THE WOMAN.

Once. Behind the hedge :

While you were at the honeysuckle. I  
Looked up and felt great drops that splashed like tears  
Twice on my face. I kissed you, afterwards,  
When you had done with gathering flowers for me. . . .

THE MAN.

You can remember that . . . and yet you lied,  
Like spiteful women lie, to wound a man—  
Snakewise—and dragged my love about the streets;  
Like men for whom is tender trust almost  
A thing as worthy confidence as tavern friends  
Stooping with beer in bars at closing-time ! . . .  
Here is the train ; we need not ride together  
If you prefer to be alone.

THE WOMAN.

Thanks: no.

Alone with you if possible. I would  
Drink to the dregs this day you dedicate  
To calm (I think that was the adjective)  
Thoughts, and to such of seemlier obsequies  
As may redeem us from the vulgar end  
Of our dead love. . . . Go on, and spare me not.  
Say she you loved had no real part in me—  
A snob, whose other name you told to stars,

Until the vestry dust-cart came and cried:  
"Your goddess was ungracious, and a liar,  
And girdled with a tenfold vanity!" . . .  
Perhaps some mental and some psychic growth  
Had followed—love, they say, works miracles—  
Without a disproportionate display  
Of vanity. Who knows?—the latter might have shrunk,  
Nay, might have dwindled down when deeper things  
Were round us: when the streams of our two lives  
Fused in the star-fire on the outer deep  
I might have lost the beacon on the hill  
By no more miracles than latitude,  
Wider horizons, solitude *à deux* ;  
Nor needed other solace under stars. . . .  
I was ungracious, now I will not be:  
Miracle-methods it shall be for us!  
For *you*, I mean. Your love had cast them out—  
(With certain small concessions made, what time  
The necessary grace had wrought in me)  
The seven devils of my self-esteem.  
And I had learnt me more of truth and trust. . . .  
No! I will have it so—*miraculous*.  
(Thanking you kindly, sir, for your dissent.)  
Why not? Strange things are not so rare; and once  
Two different bakers' carts went by our house,  
Nor one gold medal had they, 'twixt the two.  
Bitter? No. Bitterness is past for me!  
I was but learning truth—and graciousness.  
Good precepts reach apt scholars readily;  
'Tis dunces add up evil on their thumbs.

THE MAN.

Forgive yourself, and *me*—through you! . . . My  
faith,

Once gone in you, went badly like a thief  
Who, running wild for months about the woods,  
Hides first from fear, but afterwards he hides  
Less from his fear than his distrust of men.  
You lost your power to hold me, when you lied,  
But when you stooped to that I learnt distrust  
Of my own senses—deemed you less than you  
(As once through lover's eyes I deemed you more)  
In all things else. And since it is that hate  
But languishes on foods that feed contempt,  
Hate left no heir within my heart but dust:  
Not good to fight on; albeit I fought. Success  
(I rose in spite of, not because of, you)  
Had dust and ashes on it when it came.  
There have been days—September-toned—when I  
Have felt the sun's peace mock me, and night-times  
Of dark trees' commune under cloudy stars,  
I would we might have shared for punishment  
All dust and ashes, rather than, alone,  
That I had found Elysium-fruited Fame  
Or bliss of Gods. . . . Contempt is like a cloud  
For men who make the sun a sign for truth:  
They see it stain the heavens, from afar,  
Nor heed it hides the sun from other eyes.  
But when they *feel* it all the world is changed  
About them. So I deemed you base in all. . . .  
Men judge too harshly where they once have loved.  
But this extenuation will I claim—  
Were I a shameless liar to the world,

For very shame I would not lie to you. And if  
Eternity and Gods have left for us,  
And for our planet's pastures feeding souls,  
Ideals of a market-place supreme,  
Where none may live by Truth alone, but starve;  
If Manhood's mind be Falsehood's, and the liar  
The last achievement of the solar years,  
I say I had felt shame to lie *to you* !  
Ungracious that I harp on this ? Not so.  
I do but seek a reason for my scorn—  
For whoso scorns, without, condemns himself,  
And not the thing he tries. . . . And yet a doubt  
Comes . . . that my love was less than wonderful ?  
Belike no man may love as women do ?  
Helen of my mythology had more  
Of Fable's truth than all the towers of Troy :  
My lady *breathed*—but as a lady's-maid !  
I said these things; and scornful died my love.  
Had I loved on and been the better man ?

#### THE WOMAN.

Neither the better nor the worse—a man :  
Men do not love as women do. We love,  
And do defiances, iconoclasms,  
Against our god, who is a jealous god  
Beyond the God of Moses,—wilfully.  
And having slain a lover, love him more.  
But men love women for their better selves. . . .  
Or for our bodies. Women love for this,  
We live for love; and more than once have died  
For men whose very baseness mocks the beast.  
Grown wanton to the lips as Jealousy

A woman well may lie to hurt a man.  
And lose her soul to heal him afterwards. . . .  
But here's the place—the old church through the trees.  
Should we be married there, you said. We'll go  
And watch the wedded sleeping side by side.  
We ne'er shall sleep so now, or afterwards.  
I would know all the lessons learnt from love  
On that last pallid page where, darkling, flowers  
The purple plant of pleasure's plenilune—  
*Solanum dulcamara*—wordlessly.  
We may forget his April light, forget  
His middle-madness stronger than the moon  
On ardent eyelids kissed in summer leaves;—  
The nightshade stings our memories to tears.  
Because we know no middle sweetness Love  
Is like to deal us more of bitterness,  
Or so it strikes a woman . . . and a man ?

THE MAN.

Perhaps men are more weak albeit more strong,  
And therefore dig their graves the deeper. Men  
Shed curses on the tombs of their dead loves  
Where women go more quietly to weep. . . .  
The place is painful in its peace, but stay  
If you would further. . . . He was ninety-two:  
Helen, *his* wife, came here—a year before.  
I wonder when they left off loving. See,  
She bore him children in her nineteenth year.  
Their firstborn, yonder, grew to be a man,  
And left off living early—twenty-one.  
No doubt they put that rose-bush by his head,  
With shaking hands that touched beneath the mould.

Who knows he knew what love was, otherwise ?  
He sleeps no less the sounder. . . . Time we went, you  
say ?

Yes. It is some few miles—out there. The sun  
Is shining on the shadow of the woods  
That lie around the corn-lands where it grows. . . .  
Woodbine or woody-nightshade, take your choice.

THE WOMAN.

I think you could be cruel to me to-day. . . .  
I am a woman, spare me not, but strike—  
I struck you long ago. Now take revenge.  
Love is the cruellest of things alive.  
We shall not live for ever—punish me !

THE MAN.

You wrong me. I would comfort. No, you're right !  
I will not go like this towards a tomb—  
This tiger thing that creeps along my blood  
To spring and lust across love's resting-place. . . .  
Oft since that day we crowned you with a kiss  
The lady of my heart, by yonder wheat,  
(They planted wheat again, I see, this year)  
I have in spirit watched these lands. As one  
Who on high hills at evening stands at gaze—  
To trace his journeys of the day and mark  
Some belt of far old woodland hiding streams  
Whereat he drank, and after, lying down,  
Dreamed some divine-born daughter of the woods  
Looked with soft eyes upon a son of men . . . .  
Or through a sunset for your bridal-veil  
You watch, as women do a lover's road

At evening tryst. But these are deadly dreams. . . .  
Here suzerainty for you is and ends,  
Who once were queen of "all my nights and days."  
And no man dares do outrage on his queen,  
In hours like this, for very fear of shame.  
I will not with concupiscence discrown  
The last poor remnant left me of my love.  
Rather I would go calmly by your side  
And be at peace with you and all the world,  
And if that peace be painful—go in pain,  
Than with the pulse of passion lacking love.

THE WOMAN.

Yes? You rebuke me now—from out your blood,  
Because you praised me out of passion—*then*.  
Praise sweet to me; and blame, its aftermath,  
Is only less because the passion's less:  
I will not utter falsehood *now*. . . . But no!  
Your sovereign lady (speaking for the past)  
Comes from her throne to guide you graciously;  
All truth in her, and such humility  
As well befits a queen before a grave.  
Her sceptre's shadow points her punishment—  
Take back your lust: go with me like a *friend*.

THE MAN.

Yes, Helen, let us go as friends to-day. . . .  
The same hedge: that white poplar by the road,  
Watching its long grey solitude for toll  
Of vagrant winds, that passing pay their tune  
Of silver music wanly in the leaves.  
And over it—look—high against the clouds,

The thin black wings that glance along the sky. . .  
Once past this oak-wood and the wheat begins.  
Men must come here, and yet—a motor-car  
A mile or so this side of Romanhurst—  
The legions might have gone but yesterday,  
There seem so few of dwellers in the land ! . . .  
How the downs dream through long grey distances—  
Their very combes are full of sleep. . . . See here !  
Here's the old field, and, further on, the path  
Between the wood of ashes and the corn.  
Forgive the sorry pun. . . . Yes, sweet and thick,  
As in that other August, there it climbs—  
Its fairy fragrance woven through the wind. . . .  
I will go first: the thorns have overgrown  
The entrance to the path. So here we stand !  
Now I will gather for you once again—  
From this same plant that reaching through the thorns  
Climbs on across the years, beyond our love.  
There ! Some few sprays for each of us to cast  
In votive fashion, where we stood and kissed,  
Before the shrine of fruitless . . . why ! *In tears ?*  
There is no rain to-day ! You never wept,  
Before. Your eyes were always somewhat cold—  
Yet some such natures have been fierce with love. . . .  
*No !* you and I had best not kiss again. . . .  
How the sun fires the wind across the corn.

THE WOMAN.

Love me a little—half a day—an hour !  
Is it so hard to love ? I *know* that once  
You loved me without learning. Let the trees  
Teach you what I, whom once you loved, may not—



Some trick, some semblance, every shadow learns  
 From the reality that casts it forth;  
 Nor are the shadows all unreal—am I ?  
 You may not ? So ? You would not act untruth ?  
 I think is woman's wit then all unknown  
 In women that have lost a lover ! *You—*  
 Yours be the liar's part now . . . not because  
 You *may* not do this thing . . . that's not the word !  
 You *will* not ! Why ? And Why's a woman too :  
 I hate her . . . oh, I hate her well enough !  
*She* would not stoop to lie against her love,  
 Oh no ! *She's* worth your trust ! She would forgive—  
 Being nobler—though you sinned a hundred times !  
 You came to-day to sin here, in your *heart*,  
 With one who was not worth your love, and blamed  
 (Being so greatly honest) an *effect*,  
 Lest in a clamant cause your own desire  
 Cried Hypocrite upon you ! Oh my God !  
 Oh God, who made us women ! . . .

THE MAN.

Don't, I say !

Our love is dead between us, at your hands :  
 Were you as God you might not waken it.  
 If there be sin within my heart, I craved  
 Your help to . . .

THE WOMAN.

Keep you clean of me for her !

You sinned with other women, loving *me* :  
 That you deceived me nowise, though you wronged,  
 Has given you into my hands. Now go to *her*,

(The spirit's is the parent sin, you said)  
 Say, "I have sinned in spirit against your love.  
 Forgive me!" Do not doubt she will forgive:  
 She would forgive you, so, a hundred times!  
 Now sin with me *in earnest*—once, no more:  
 Say, "Lo, I met a wanton in the woods,  
 And in the woods lay down with her and sinned."  
 Then ask forgiveness, ask a hundred times,  
 And see if *she* forgive you for *one* sin! . . .  
 Shameless? I lost respect of yours, and yet—my love,  
 For all I hate you now, is not so poor  
 That I may not regain it, by a sin!  
 I say you dare not mix with me and say  
 That you despise me *then*. Despise yourself,  
 Hate me like hell the moment after: yes!  
*Despise* me, no! That is the way of men,  
 For men love women for their better selves—  
 Or for our bodies. Love my body, *now*:  
 Henceforth you may despise me ne'er again.  
 This is your love I sinned against and slew  
 By vanity and some ungraciousness:—  
 My body may restore respect I lost;  
 And yet the spirit's is the parent sin!  
 Though you should hate me I may have respect:  
 You loved me till—I threw respect away!

THE MAN.

It seems I did not love you then at all?  
 I worshipped you as something worthy such,  
 And finding you were other, lost my love.  
 What is your moral? That even the lower love  
 Has in it more than reverence may know?

It may be. For the god that Moses knew  
Becomes a nonsense name to thinking men.  
But when love goes we'll say God help the world!  
Yet, since you women say you live for love. . . .

THE WOMAN.

Will, kiss me once . . . and you shall go to her!  
You loved me, yes, you loved me! I forgave  
Each sin, in secret, though they maddened me.  
Who knows you loved me more than . . . more than .

I—

I never loved you as I love you now  
When hate is more than iron in my soul. . . .  
A-h! . . . Oh, my dear, my lost one! Comfort me!  
Let me but live this day out! Hark, the wind  
Sinks to a whisper, and the wheat is full  
Of murmurs and insidious desire. . . .  
No, now you shall not go to her . . . but go—  
Just you and I together, hand in hand,  
Into deep woods and hide us and forget,  
Forget all things but this one day. Yes, yes,  
Kiss me a hundred times beneath this oak—  
'Twill last our lives out, like the tree! Say now,  
“Helen, I love you!” Though it be a lie,  
It is an echo of the greatest truth  
The years have ever taught me. . . . Oh, my dear,  
Let me but breathe a moment. Now again! . . .  
My darling, I have dreamed I was your wife,  
Ere my fool-folly drove you from my side,—  
Let all things dreamed and done be in your kiss!  
I am grown old in longing; make me young.  
The years roll back . . . that August long ago. . . .

See, I will lay this woodbine in my breast. . . .  
Kiss my two eyes first—blind me, both my hands,  
And—all things teaching twofold tenderness. . . .  
I am not shameless to your lips ? My blood,  
Afire to feel the homage of your own,  
Makes me yet beautiful enough for praise  
Of those same lips that scorned me long ago ?  
I well had lost—had lost a hundred times—  
Respect of yours, had I but kept your love,  
Though it be such of love as . . . How I blush—  
To say I am not shameless, from my heart !  
And this wild flower that brought you back to me—  
Who knows ?—my heart may wither ere it dies.  
You would not leave me now—until the dark ?  
How dark it is among these leaves; and, listen,  
A stream comes here to murmur. . . . Yes, my love,  
I will not fail you now, and live, ah no !  
I failed you of my folly in the past,  
And wisdom when it reached me came too late  
To save me then, or you. This is our hell,  
The chiefest hell of woman—to have been loved,  
And to have failed her man—the man she loved.  
For women love but once in all their lives  
With their full strength of loving. And for you—  
The woman that I was not was your mate  
Though you should wed a dozen ! I was proud,  
As I am humble, even for your lust.  
Yet have I so much pride as women hoard  
For exorcisms when their changing blood  
Conjures a ghostly guerdon from the grave  
Of love self-slain :—the woman I was not  
Had more of your love than another may :

I have no choice, but glory in my greed.  
 My barren kingdom, where I kindled scorn  
 In votive places where you worshipped love,  
 Is yet not quite so laid waste but I know  
 It was *my own* though all its temples pass.  
 No other may depose me though I reign  
 Among waste dust of shadow-shaken lands.  
 For me, such penalty of loneliness  
 As comes from the soul-coffers of a queen ;  
 And, though your soul be unafraid of death  
 As unafraid of living out the years,  
 This be exacted of you :—Had you been  
 Of nobler stuff than many men be yet,—  
 Had you but had the patience of old pain,—  
 I had been slave of yours—as much a slave  
 As fire is to the four winds of the world ;  
 Nay, rather, as a flame, had clave to *you*,  
 Though all the hate of both the hemispheres  
 Had torn all shelter from you save my arms ! . . .  
 You *loved* me—not as traders do their tills—  
 Had you forgiven me the pride of fools,  
 The vice of liars, only—only that !  
 Now this must meet you, guised as Memory  
 With some unhealed old trouble in the eyes :—  
 You shall escape the woman that was not,  
 And turning on your tracks, say, “ Where is she ?  
 I did but fly a wraith of hollow dust ! ”  
 And lo, in lonely places she will stand,  
 As women for forgiveness, who are proud,  
 When all their pride goes over to their love.  
 Then shall you dimly—as through dust, maybe—  
 See far off, firelight-shadowed things that forge

At his, Love's own, immortal fires and streams,  
 Armour of proof, and perfect-fashioned faith,  
 Large trust, and fearless flawless happiness  
 Where the Soul welds two beings into one. . . .  
 I am grown greedy of our separate lives  
 Of punishment. Yet, since 'twas I that failed  
 (Though I would have you, rather than forget,  
 Sicken with dust of ashes in your heart)  
 I am grown eager for that ecstasy  
 Of penitential passion women crave.  
 I would you were one dead, I think, at times,  
 Whose eyes my hands, unseen, had closed for ever—  
 Glad with the grief of jealousy. I hate you still—  
 Just hate, apportioned for my punishment:  
 Hatred whose lineaments are like to Love's  
 Of the imperfect creature—less than hate  
 As the far less than love. My love, my love,  
 We might have grown together, vein for vein !  
 Crowned every day with tender nights of stars;  
 And ruled, as one, o'er realms whose wonderment  
 Had made each city street a Parthenon ! . . .  
 This only now is left me—penitence:  
 I lead me to that ghost-walk of regret  
 Where "love" asks *now*, and thanks me from the past.  
 God knows what taught you love then. You have  
     taught  
 What love might have been for us, since, to me.  
 In this dim place I will do sacrifice.  
 You shall not save me from myself: you cared  
 Too little in the past to save for you  
 The woman that you dreamed I might have been—  
 Yet who puts faith in dreams ? But teach me now

To be all humble, since nor man nor woman,  
Has so much pride they must not bow the knee—  
It may be to some secret god of theirs  
In this dim place I will do sacrifice—  
I say you shall not save me. . . .

THE MAN.

Helen, this—  
This makes you mine for ever. . . . I would give. . .  
I would I could give man's equivalent,  
But there is none. . . . I know you generous—  
It is the first time, but I *know* it now.  
And yet love is beyond me—that is truth.  
That I would lust for you now is truth also—  
Yet shame is sharp within me, none of joy:  
I doubt we know a meaning for these things.  
Unless it be there is no good but love,  
And all things done for love's sake are good things. . . .  
Once I had more of happiness to gather flowers  
For you, than to pluck all my pleasures now  
Out of you so. We came for honeysuckle—  
For woodbine we may gather in the dark,  
Nightshade, and haply of the deadlier kind. . . .  
Sin is the sorrowfullest of things alive:  
Yet now I care for nothing but to sin—  
There is no peace for me but penitence.

THE WOMAN.

"With quiet eyes fulfil a destiny."  
Your words—and once you loved me! This I know,  
That men and women may love many times—  
With little hurt or harm in it as love:

Nor bruise each other more than willow-trees  
That scarce may touch in shadow on a stream.  
But where *some* men and women love, they *hate*  
At least one lurid life of night and day  
When Hell usurps their heavens and desires.  
But mostly 'tis the woman hates the man—  
Until the knife is sharp enough to wound.  
She strikes; and turns it in the flesh; and feels  
The poison of his passion in her side  
For vengeance on her. 'Tis but evidence  
Of truth, that in all sweets a poison lurks  
When taken to repletion. And the soul  
Is never poor that may be passionate;  
Nor passion quite so poor as not to crave  
Among the margins of the Infinite  
Satiety insatiate. . . . I do not doubt  
Imagination is the caste of souls. . . .  
And when such women love such men they lose  
Hatred at last, and after hatred, life,  
Or ever they may lose their love again.  
For these there is no peace in life unless  
Each gets to each and mixes love with love  
Beyond the shallow waters of the world,  
And lips feed lips with fire wherein are fused  
The inner heats that melt Eternity  
Each side the Present. The imagination  
Is but the flame of myriad molten suns  
Loosed from the slow retorts of stellar time—  
A protoplasm for the mind of man,  
That, taking thought, transcends a planet's wings. . .  
For these women are nights and days and years  
But as are trees along a ruined road



That is not lonely so one other walks—  
 Though it be on some far-off stretch, with seas between,  
 Yet ever drawing nearer. Afterwards—  
 When they have met athirst, and gone aside  
 Into waste lands where only starlight comes,  
 And there flung off restraint, and mingled there,  
 And made their peace more piteous for kind words  
 Above old wounds of their own hate—there comes  
 Great loneliness of parting. But the sun,  
 Linking the stealthy footways of the dark,  
 Shines not so bright as their own sign of “sin”  
 Henceforth—though they should never meet again . . .  
 There is no peace for me unless we “sin,”  
 Though there be none for either afterward.  
 Since no such woman *mates* her save with him,  
 Though she have husbands more than one in life,  
 That in her soul acknowledged is for lord,  
 For whom her body bondslave is and glad,  
 My life is less than this my marriage-night  
 Though I should live a century of years.  
 God save me afterwards, we’ll say. *You* save me now !  
 I have set all my being like a star  
 This night shall waken to white flame, to burn  
 My very heart out, spendthrift on the dark.  
 My hour comes on triumphant ! I thank God—  
 For power to “sin,” and lose my soul, maybe ! . . .  
 Not *she* can keep you from me for this night—  
 Though she, being nobler, will forgive the sin. . . .  
 For now I know this thing for truth in us :—  
 Unless we mix together, at the last,  
 Though we be long past loving, it shall rise  
 Intolerable beyond the darks of death,

And Memory shall do murder ere we pass.  
 Either we two are destined to deny  
 Our hearts' one truth of nightshade-nurtured need  
 Or to live, die, above all Destiny—  
 Saying, "What need have we of any gods:  
 The world has paid for gods an hundredfold  
 In tears and bloody tribute!" God himself  
 Can in nowise conceal this truth in us:—  
*No peace is for us two unless we "sin"!*  
 Though there be Hell hereafter. Man made gods  
 To make poor men more patiently afraid,  
 And murdered Truth to make a mountebank—  
 Fit emblem for the thing Morality.  
 But for such gods had men long since thrown off  
 The incubus of Mammon's incest. Now  
 They rise at last and do their gods to death.  
 They do these things. It may be they are right. . . .  
 I learnt to lie from childhood up, in church,  
 Small wonder that I grew to tolerate  
 A thing acclaimed as holy! You forgave—  
 You could not, nor can I, *forget* I lied  
 Against our love. Now gladly I forget  
 God, and forgive Him! He must need, by this,  
 Mankind's forgiveness badly! In His name  
 We have been taught to worship Compromise,  
 Not for its *truth*, but for its cowardice.  
 Ere this night closes I will crown by "sin"  
 The one high and indomitable truth  
 That comes to flower upon my soul, as stars  
 Above dark tides. I know no God but Love,  
 Now. Since you showed me Him, though through  
     my tears,

Take your reward in all your will of me !  
See, how the setting sun has sanctified  
The woods, and put a passion in your face  
To consecrate the latent soul men see  
In sunsets ! Oh, my dear, I do not doubt  
Forgotten dust lies under these still woods,  
That once stood here together while the night  
Came darkling in across those eastern hills.  
Dust that was living lovers, long apart,  
That crept together here, and panting clung  
Their night out to the chill verge of the dawn  
When day meant death; and when the day was come,  
Would part no more, but laughed and took their death,  
And clung their night of ages out. But now  
Men do not love in such wise; but they love  
Their women for an hour, maybe a year,  
Though all their life they well may love a horse  
To ruin; or if they should strike a ball  
Some score of yards beyond another man  
They die content. . . . No, now we will not talk,  
But wait my hour. The yearning of the dark  
Is over us already. . . . I would I had  
(Forgive me now such women's fantasies)  
A handful of my own wild woodbine flowers  
From out the hedge. Will, gather once again  
For me—my bridal-flowers; I will await  
Their coming and my lord's, within the sound  
Of that small stream I may not see but hear.  
Its broken voice of whispers I shall hear  
Henceforth through life. Maybe, when I am old,  
I still shall find it singing if I come:  
I *must* come here again before I die.

But once, I think: no more: when I am old. . . .  
No, dear, we cannot miss: be quickly gone,  
And quicker back to me. Well, kiss me then ! . . .

Thanks, dear ! No, I will *kiss* my thanks. . . . Why, Will !  
What is it ? Tell me, dear ! Tell me, I say !  
Why is your face so white and full of . . . tears ?  
My darling, have no fear for me ! My " sin " . . .

THE MAN.

Let be ! No talk of sin, Helen, for us !  
I found more things than woodbine by the hedge :  
Love . . .

THE WOMAN.

*L-o-v-e ?*

THE MAN.

And great fear: but no more sorrowing  
For the dead past and all its loneliness. . . .  
Though fledged with flight of slow unhappy years,  
Love had won . . .

THE WOMAN.

*L-o-v-e ?*

THE MAN.

Home to his darkened shrine.  
And lo, the fragrance of his incense waked  
From every flower: first, like to fear, and then—  
Like to such joy as I have never known,  
So strong it left me stricken. And the flowers  
I clutched at as do drowning men at straws  
They tell of . . . then I stumbled back to you.  
Love has come back . . .

THE WOMAN.

*L-o-v-e?*

THE MAN.

Love—to save us both!

Good God! Get up, girl, don't kneel down to *me*!  
There, there, that's better! Kiss me! Kiss the flowers,  
Rather. No need of any nightshade now,  
For you or me, my Helen! . . . Ah, I feared  
'Twould be too much for you, my dear! Lie still. . . .  
You will not loose those flowers again awhile.  
How cold her hard-shut hand is! It's a swoon,  
Of course. . . . My God! can it be . . . Christ! not  
*death.*

Helen, speak to me! Helen! Fool I was—  
I choked with it: and now her wilful heart . . .  
Yes, yes, dear! You're all right? Eh? Yes, *alive.*  
My woodbine-bride! My darling. . . .

THE WOMAN.

Hush . . . the stars!

## In a Garden

THE WOMAN.

I came away, and soothed my soul with stars  
And that pale crescent harp up there that hangs,  
Filled of dumb music, 'mid the cedar-tree.  
I am grown sick and weary of it all !  
The dirty lusts of calumny and spite  
That crave and feed excitements slanderous !  
Are these things men and women that we meet ?—  
Creatures with sentient souls; or mountebanks  
Who train themselves to bow and scrape for hire,  
Pay debts of food and drink with compliments,  
Or cultivate with airs the great inane,  
Or train their tongues to move as serpents crawl ?  
Bah ! I am sick and weary of it ! When  
That woman gorging on dead singing-birds,  
Between her mouthfuls, mocked me with a smile  
For my defence of Joan's lapse from grace,  
I could have struck her like some drunken drab  
Aroused to tavern vixenhood. That thing !  
That harlot for a husband's sweated gold  
Wrung from the lives of starving women's toil !  
I hate her ! and I hate them all, and . . .

THE MAN.

Me ?

I think the starry sedative you sought  
Has proved but ineffectual anodyne ?

THE WOMAN.

I humbly crave your pardon, good my lord !  
It is not meet that women should be heard !

Your pardon, good my lord, for feeling shown !  
Words impolite, and worse than impolite—  
Vulgar with warmth of feeling !

THE MAN.

Hush, my *dear*. . . .

THE WOMAN.

I am your dear ? Oh yes ! I am your dear !

THE MAN.

I think you women have gone sudden mad  
With liberty to scan the planes of life,  
Yet lacking fit adjustment of the brain  
To view in true perspective anything !

THE WOMAN.

Ah ! I have roused you, good my lord, at last !  
We two have been engaged for near a month—  
Yet beat me not, I pray you, till we wed ! . . .  
I cynical ? Who taught us cynicism,  
Hypocrisy, and dirty little lies ?

THE MAN.

I think you do not mean to be unkind,  
But that within you is some strange unrest  
That marriage will allay. . . .

THE WOMAN.

Or make revolt,  
The more relentless for a garb of smiles  
To greet my lord's acquaintances and beam

With placidly enthusiastic eyes  
(You praise my eyes, or did in by-gone days)  
Upon the miracles that Jones has wrought. . . .  
Red-coated men that hammer little balls.  
He holed in two, ye gods, he holed in two !  
And still the stars swing on around their pole.  
How Brown at bridge—but Brown at bridge should awe  
And hush the splendours of a million stars :  
I sometimes think Brown is the greater man !

THE MAN. .

I think you women have gone sudden mad ! . . .  
Fools that you are, who, born to rule a world  
Through flesh of your own nurture, bring forth flies,  
A fume of empty words,  
For fretful buzzing in the market-place !  
Above vain theories, whose windy life  
Is flatulent with growths of ignorance,  
In that you, seeking evil for complaint  
Deem all things evil that may e'er refute  
The vanity of Egotism's vast receipts  
To mend a world by claiming what should be,  
And only be, and not at all what *is*,  
Had you the makings of a universe !

THE WOMAN.

Whence comes this tone, O good my future lord ?  
I, who have taught me dignity by deeds,  
And calm repose as Beauty's highest crown,  
From your allusions to some stateliness.  
Perchance I may now learn corollary—  
Some silence that is wooden—from the saw



That "silver speech" and "golden silence" hold.  
But no! Henceforth no more hypocrisy,  
Whose other name's Convention. I will stand  
Henceforth for woman's freedom like a . . . like . . .  
Our theories are saner than your own!  
I am not dumb: I have some intellect.

THE MAN.

Think you that man will love an intellect  
As man loves woman? Think you he will strive  
The nobler in the press of life if you,  
Seeing injustice to your sex in things,  
Add to the fret of battle arguments  
On abstract ethics—conjuring a gale  
Of wordy war to scatter thistledown?

THE WOMAN.

I . . .

THE MAN.

Send out your emissaries, search the world  
From where the north's white silence quickening feels  
Reflections of mysterious gleams and glows,  
To frozen tumults of Antarctic seas  
Congealed beneath the night of southern Cold.  
You shall not meet one creature of such kind,  
Far less a race of men,—upon itself  
By Intellect begotten!

THE WOMAN.

I . . .

THE MAN.

Take heed !—

Apostates from a creed that Nature taught  
Her daughters through long ages of a world;  
And, for a sign that they may ne'er forget,  
Ordained her rites of sacrificial pain  
Through all the seasons of a woman's year.

THE WOMAN.

I say that . . .

THE MAN.

Sex is no more than a name  
That dwells in textbooks on First Principles,  
Or definition for Creation's law !  
And not the vital principle of Life itself,  
Girt with the memories of a million springs,  
Robed with the star-shot raiment of the dusk  
That hung in sympathy about a myriad loves,  
To weave its spells of starry pattern o'er  
The duller warp and woof of human lives !

THE WOMAN.

I . . .

THE MAN.

Phantom illusory of poets' brains !  
Whose refutations walk the world to-day  
In garish irony, for you to point  
A moral—even men who live as swine  
And wallow in a slough of sensual mire :  
Yet stay—are women always noble, pure ?

THE WOMAN.

I want . . .

THE MAN.

The shadow for the substance, so !  
Scoff at man's love then : from its idle dreams  
Turn to Equality of Sex, and Equal Rights  
To fashion laws that you can not enforce.—  
You whose allotted task, to fashion men,  
Was once the primal duty ; now no more,  
Since higher destinies have bridged the gulf  
That yawned between your so-called slavery  
And Freedom's soil, where party factions breed  
Sufficient offspring.

THE WOMAN.

You won't let me speak. . . .

THE MAN.

The right to have a word in everything !  
There lies no selfishness nor greed ; no thought  
Of anything but Justice—sexless, pure !  
The liberty to rave, because the world  
Is not as you would have it ! Ere you claim  
Authority in all things, pause awhile,  
And humbly learn the lessons of your own !  
You have a kingdom : yes, in very truth  
You have ! Does no injustice dwell therein ?  
Is man sole tyrant in the scheme of things ?  
Have you no better work in those your realms,  
No higher duty to your sex—to man ?  
Or does your treatment of each other show  
Such pure example that a world shall crave

Initiation in your precepts—means  
Whereby it reach salvation and the stars ?  
Or are you cravens shrinking from the toll  
That you must pay to Nature and your kind ? . . .  
Twin Elementals every healthy male  
Combines within his soul—the need of strife,  
And need of rest within a woman's arms.  
Cross him and vex, or flout him with the jeers  
Of sexless egotism, he will find  
Such comfort as a harlot's arms may yield.  
Who then shall benefit ? Though you made laws,  
As many as the webs that bind the blades  
Of autumn grasses, they should stay him not,  
And hinder him as little ! Take you heed,  
Lest too much zeal for freedom should infect  
Him, with a freedom brooking no restraint !  
Pause ere you talk of justice, there are things—  
There are some laws writ in no statute book,  
That spring from ethics little as the sun ;  
Yet as the sun all potent to command  
The spheres they dominate, and as the sun  
Essential for the equipoise of things  
Of human as of planets' energy. . . .  
Or think you that, by simply taking thought  
Among yourselves, a higher destiny  
Than Motherhood you can evolve ? Perhaps  
You can invent a system for all time,  
Of such perfection, that by power of vote  
You shall ordain that inequality  
Shall cease, and Human Nature yield its store  
Of age-accumulated instincts, claims,—  
Because to maiden womanhood may seem

Gross things of passion and impurity,  
And virtue only in emasculate !  
Who, seeing Love afar off as a star  
Clothed in pale fire of purity ineffable,  
Forgets that stars have shadows, closer seen. . . .  
Now I have done didactics, and would find  
The lover once again—for all your hate !  
Me also do you hate, my lady fair ?  
For fair you are—amid this place of stars,  
And in this dusk of old-world yews, more fair,  
Perhaps, than ever woman ought to be !  
Seeing that men are mortal flesh and blood  
And in their veins are stored a myriad stars  
And memories of innumerable moons,  
Whereunder man has wooed his way through time.

THE WOMAN.

Why did . . . why did you not to me before  
Give of your poetry ? You fed my love  
With compliments, as lap-dog loves are fed !

THE MAN.

Not poetry—but only rhetoric.  
Yet answer me. What answer rhetoric  
Shall draw from you, unprompted aught of Love,—  
Who would betray all judgments with a kiss ?

THE WOMAN.

I think that its own echoes answers are.  
On many points with equal justice could  
We women most of *mankind* well arraign. . . .  
And for your blessed word to beat us with,

To awe us into meek obedience—  
You talk of Strength as if it were a sword,  
That only man may handle. I know not  
If men were men by virtue of their strength;  
Or haply, if were men as elephants  
Our sense of Right, our souls, our loves, might be  
Ten-fold as powerful. If Justice be  
A child of body's strength I do not know.  
Or if that are his offspring, Mind and Soul. . . .

“ And she who bare him, yet shall beacon him,  
When blinded of the brute that is in Force,  
Towards a Strength whose eyes are never dim  
With worshipped wonders, trifles to the horse.”

I hold him more a man whose soul is strong  
Than Hercules without one; as I hold  
A poet greater than a pugilist. . . .  
I never guessed you poet till to-night.

THE MAN.

Such poet's hand as touched it was but Love's:  
Love makes all men as poets, though he makes  
Their music sometimes mute.

THE WOMAN.

It is not Love!—  
Not Love's the fault! Oh no! It is their own!  
I think we creatures of this latter day. . . .  
Hypocrisy's a canker in our hearts.  
We two have spoken much as grocers deal—  
Have weighed our words and wrapped them; and with string

Clipped from Conventions hanging over us  
 Taught love to trade, as they apprentices !  
 Taught him, who should have taught us poetry—  
 And poetry that helps our souls to grow  
 To saner, larger life than clods' or clowns'.  
 We stifle souls, and mouth moralities;  
 And bind us with the swaddling-bands of codes:  
 To be correct in all things, and to prove  
 Futility God's word, Development.  
 We clamour for improvements made of mind,  
 And silence all complainings of our souls.  
 I think some higher kind of anthropoid  
 Might do as well with training. . . . Yet you wrong—  
 We women are but drawing swords for Love !  
 For love of man seems in this latter day  
 To be a thing of gifts from hand and brain.  
 Things potent to command our hearts to love ?  
 Then such love is but harlot like a bride;  
 And a chimera, nothing more—the soul. . . .  
 And for your talk of old-world wisdoms: Man—  
 Were "Ancestors" his one philosophy,  
 Or "Wisdoms of the Ages" *only* wise—  
 Might still have chattered on among the boughs,  
 Among the roots of the dark-dreaming seas  
 Have slept impalpable. . . . Nay, this your breast,  
 Which has too much a stranger been to mine !  
 Has it not evidence of sex as old,  
 Older, and of some other than your own ?  
 Has *She* not seen examples long enough  
 Wrought of her sons for wisdom, good my lord ?  
 Oh no ! you do us women wrong, who strive  
 To make ourselves a meaning elsewhere. . . .

Man's soul is all that makes him more than brute.  
His mind ? I think some higher anthropoid  
Might do as well with training. . . . O you men !  
You have been loud with panders' praise of gold  
To make us women harlots in our hearts,  
Till, sexless gibes, we mock Maternity !  
To make us hypocrites, cheats, liars all !  
You sneer at Greed and crown him overlord,  
And wonder why is woman prostitute !  
You have acclaimed the liar and the thief,  
And wonder men are liars, that they steal !  
Have made the business of a world your boast  
To prove an honest man beneath a rogue,  
And so pervert all to dishonesty.  
I think you lords our masters none too wise !  
We do but strive to crown Love over lusts,  
And help us all to larger life than slaves'.  
How shall the soul grow but with liberty—  
And liberty to strive for higher things ?  
Methinks a little learning safe in this—  
That Love alone can be the ultimate  
And supreme ethic for a world of men,  
Unless souls are but mere monstrosities. . . .  
And I . . . I loved you, O my lord to be !  
And you spoke pretty things, and for me fetched  
And carried. And you spoke with dignity. . . .  
I dared not tell you of my love. Oh no !  
Your dignity had made *my* music mute.

THE MAN.

Then blame you but Convention ! Blame not me,  
Or blame me henceforth with injustice !



THE WOMAN.

A-h!

My dear! My dear! I...

THE MAN.

Hush, my love, be still!

The moon is dark and all the world is still.

To-night is very wonderful.

THE WOMAN.

Oh! O-h!

O-h!

THE MAN.

Now shall *you* speak all your heart's desire  
And tell me all the meanings of your love!

THE WOMAN.

I loved you from the first. . . . It was to me  
Fair as the morning, but a misty thing  
As mornings sometimes are. . . . And then you went,  
And it was as a dawn defeated, grey,  
A dawn that had but borrowed from the dark  
A little lapse of life and sunk again.  
You came once more, and with you came the sun,  
And through my dreams the spring crept always then,—  
There were birds singing in a place of leaves,  
I think, or so it seemed to me. And then the dark:  
They told me you were wild. . . . I pictured arms  
About you, of some woman of the night. . . .  
I think my soul was dark with many nights  
In which no star came ever, only clouds  
And pale loose limbs of passions bought and sold.

I was but girl, but in me was the stuff  
Of poetry; and poets see these things.  
I hated you; yet hating had been glad  
To be your—woman. So I, hating, loved. . . .  
It is the way of women, that, I think. . . .  
Oh love, my love! I think I had not feared  
To have gone down to shameful death for you!  
Yes, kiss me now! How hot your face is . . . a-h!  
And the years passed: I grew to harder things.  
Oh yes, my heart was hardened, many times . . . .  
And drugged myself with Pleasure's platitudes,  
Golf, bridge, or horses racing—anything . . . .  
I think to live for these things is to find  
Life good, as life is to a drunkard good,  
Before it leaves his body but a cask. . . .  
Yes, life is good to drunkards—for a span . . . .  
No, now you shall not kiss me, yet awhile.  
I sinned against my love. Stay! Hear it all!  
I never guessed you loved me, but I sinned.  
There was a man—a poet—crossed in love,  
But as has been with poets, powerful  
To draw some women's souls towards the stars. . . .  
He took me out into a place of stars—  
I told him that I loved, and was not loved,  
And bade him kiss me there, as man might kiss  
The woman that he loved. . . . I had a will  
To feel myself within his arms, and feel  
You in his kiss catch fire upon my soul. . . .  
He kissed me so I could have gone away  
With him, for very weariness of love. . . .  
For longing, though it were by deputy,  
To ease the pent-up pain of womanhood.

I sinned with him, in spirit, many times,  
Against my love for you. . . . But that one time  
Is all man's arms have held me, save your own.  
I think you may forgive me, good my lord ?

THE MAN.

My dear, of course I do, but . . .

THE WOMAN.

Afterwards . . .  
At Ascot . . . you remember. . . . Mother said,  
Men must have women. . . . Oh, I hated her—  
That woman near the coaches ! For I saw  
How you talked there together. And I went—  
When you had gone—and questioned her. But what  
I did, or said, I scarcely know. For you  
Had grown more *nearer* to me than before.  
I spoke to her, I know, and that her face  
Broke out upon my words like shouted shame. . . .  
And when I saw she pitied with her eyes,  
My pride had made me easy murderess,  
But that she laughed—as women laugh in hell. . . .  
I sometimes think hell lives in laughter. . . . Then  
I pitied her; and once again she laughed—  
In other wise—and singing went away. . . .  
Until I die I shall remember her.

THE MAN.

My dear, I . . .

THE WOMAN.

No ! I would not have the blight  
Of the world's poison-growth, Hypocrisy,

Find ever entrance in our love's red rose ! . . .  
The moon has power to ripen growing corn. . . .  
This night of stars has ripened love for us  
And bade his every petal feel their fire.

THE MAN.

Forgive me, and forget. . . .

THE WOMAN.

I would forgive,  
Were you the murderer of my own soul.  
Forget, I cannot. That is woman's way. . . .  
I think it is the only way we have. . . .  
And yet, I think, were you as some men are,  
A trader on our strength and weakness, love,  
Whereby your selfish sins forgiveness found—  
Your pleasure's debts all cancelled by my pain,  
Your honour and my own in pawn to lust,—  
I had as lief you killed me as my soul !

THE MAN.

Shame holds my tongue, so that I . . .

THE WOMAN.

Kiss me, then !  
You will be true to me ? Ah yes, I know—  
I *feel* that I shall hold you spite of all :  
Though men, they say, are not as women are,—  
That sudden gusts beat down their constancy. . . .  
I think were I grown sudden bestial  
You still would find me faithful, good my lord !

THE MAN.

My love ! My sweet ! My wife that will be soon !  
I know not how to tell you all. . . .

THE WOMAN.

Kiss me !

And *I will* tell you all. How as a vane,—  
When the wind dies at sundown in the west  
That was the east wind of a summer dawn,—  
Swings east again at evening, so my dreams  
Set nightwards ever now,—against the time  
When in some secret hush of ecstasy  
My maidenhood may secret yield her up  
Such blowth as love has brought to full, for love  
To glory but the more in gathering;  
Or from her maiden musings wake a bride;  
Or dream in lands of sleep whose boundaries  
Know strong invasion of a husband's arms.  
Oh love ! My love ! I know not how to tell. . . .

THE MAN.

Kiss me !

THE WOMAN.

The sweetness of the passionate pain  
That sometimes strikes my spirit: nor the fear  
That death or dreadful happening may come  
Between us, and turn life and dreams to dust  
And God to mockery. . . . For many times,  
Even as now—when under quiet stars—  
I have felt tiny hands about my breasts,  
As light, as soft, as star-fire on my eyes

Drawing my heart to Godward. Oh my love !  
I know not if it be a shameless thing  
My lips would utter for . . .

THE MAN.

I know there is—  
There is a—something holy in your face !

THE WOMAN.

But. . . . Oh, I cannot say it !

THE MAN.

Listen ! S-sh !

*Her mother made the match. Though old Sir George  
Was easy fish to hook. My husband helped.  
He thought it was worth risking something on—  
A good investment for us. Then the fool  
Must needs go fall in—love, they call it ! Love !  
And bolted with some artist-idiot  
Or poet-lunatic ! I was so mad  
I could have prayed she'd starve—the thankless fool !  
How dreadfully annoying for you both !  
Annoying !*

THE WOMAN.

Oh the . . .

THE MAN.

S-sh ! My sweetheart ! Hush !  
They're gone. Forget them. Teach me of your love !  
I am the puppet of my own philosophy  
And am grown full of wisdom like a fool.

I doubt if men but *guess* at purity,  
Where women *know*. Their chastity is such  
As keeps from sin for shame and not for joy—  
A penitence, not passion.

THE WOMAN.

*Some women !*

THE MAN.

I think that was a very woman spoke ?

THE WOMAN.

Y-e-s, I suppose it was. . . . I will forget  
That ever were as those two in the world.  
I will forget all things that keep us wise,  
As the world teaches wisdom. Good my lord,  
I think we will not play at cards to-night ?

**Aphrodite,  
and Other Poems**





## Aphrodite at Leatherhead

Four streams: whose whole delight in island lawns,  
Dark-hanging alder dusks and willows pale  
O'er shining grey-green shadowed waterways,  
Makes murmuring haste of exit from the vale—  
Through fourteen arches voluble  
Where river tide-weed sways;  
Whose burthen is of things insoluble  
From hidden deeps below the hills where yawns  
Some veinous and insatiable Desire,  
That sits for ever there  
When Summer fills the valley with slow fire,  
Whereto the stealthy Mole is minister  
In secret places damp and caverns dire.

Red brick-work lichen'd grey; grey stone to green:  
Moss'd corner-crannies flowerful with flame:  
And red roofs hiding daily deeper now,  
As Spring comes quietly the hills between—  
With deeper breath misting the elms below.  
And the old walls—but yellow ere she came—  
Are gladly golden as they take the sun;  
And brightly bronze about them poplars grow. . . .  
All things in shine and shadow seem to know  
That Spring is everywhere and benison.

Clear to their pebbled floors the waters move  
To mix their several courses in one tide. . . .  
And there I saw Spring floating, like a bride  
Veiled in the web of her own dreams: and Love

Laughed in the spray he shook from off his vans;  
And through bright water-drops his countenance  
Was roguish as a young god's face above  
The amorous ways of some white nymph, grown coy  
Of love for long, till conquered by the boy  
Among her secret rushes. I descried  
These things, and others, on the southern side.

Yea, all was sweetly, of a sudden, strange.  
Were no more houses, but great woods that passed  
Into the shadows of some mountain range  
Crowned with a sunlight coronet of snows.  
Now shining flowers, by verdant glooms o'ercast,  
Along a bank beside blue water rose.  
Blue water broken by low waterfalls  
And plashy places, strewn with rocks and sand,  
As Naiads would delight. There one did stand  
In a broad sunlight; like some statue planned  
Of Love himself, whose marble meaning calls  
Out of the ages:—more a vital thing  
Than many heart of beats grown dead to Spring,  
Whose body is a sepulchre that palls,  
With its own pallid plinth, all burgeoning  
Of primal joys at Love's chief festivals.  
All loveliness to make one greatly mad  
With dreams whereof men grow more madly great  
Upon that glory which, of starry date,  
Crowns Beauty's co-eternal high estate;  
All these good things she had.  
There was a sweet, pure passion in her eyes  
To make all cynic sense grow gladly wise—  
E'en sorrow, wisely glad.

All things, it seemed, to her were ministers:  
Thrushes, flute - throated, shook the shades with  
song,

In amorous, rich, and lovely echoes long.  
So, nightingales in sunlight would rehearse  
Their moontide music: and a fairy throng  
Of blue-winged butterflies would oft repair  
To visit the broad blossom of her hair,  
That, like some golden-hanging creeper, clung  
Round the wild rose-buds of her bosom there.  
All things that deem it more to live and die,  
And to bring forth and blossom, than to lose  
The fear of death by being never born,  
Did pilgrimage about her feet—to vie  
In plenitude of thanks. And each in turn,  
Among a many there, had power to choose  
That gift she deemed most gracious. Thus cuckoos  
Made woodland evening mellow with their cry,  
But sometimes sang all night, till they should learn  
The ordered harmony of night and morn  
That pleased her most. And all that liberty  
Which is Love's servant and his great reward—  
Whose virtue bids growth grow, and melody  
Be made of bird, and leaves' delightful tune,  
And the green grateful guerdon of the sward  
Be gladder, being free;  
And all the phased enchantment of the moon,  
And every change of sun or starry light,  
That made her woodland places wonderful  
With cloud and beams and shadows dark or bright—  
All these did praise her of their own accord,  
Whilst all around was heard,

On loom-gales tender over day and night,  
The mystery of Love's most lovely word,  
Spring's foam-flung "APHRODITÉ."

All white she was, but as the foam of May  
Is white on apple-orchards under stars.  
Her like I have not seen by mortal day,  
By many a night, when dreams were avatars  
Of Love's delight, I have not seen it. Nay!  
Not since youth died, and love has passed away. . . .  
It may be few are tempted so as are  
Poets; for whom is woman's loveliness  
Made lovelier than morning may express  
With all those hues whereof her melting star  
Is tender witness. Through the evening woods  
Song floating on the sunset's ardent floods  
Is very lovely: and there is a noon,  
So tense with Summer's passionate distress  
Of extreme silent Beauty's breathlessness  
That all things seem to swoon  
Down the large luxury of languor's dreams—  
So prodigal it teems  
With passion's trance, mid-rapture craves for boon.  
All greatly good are these: their several praise  
Make up the total of the poet's ways  
That lead his soul to God that is in art.  
But surer lies there even,  
Of all his roads to heaven:—  
High dreams, wherein a woman plays her part;  
Where, mingled in some supreme period,  
Their blood accelerates the heart of God.

Who has loved greatly has more greatly lived  
Than those for whom is life a market-place.  
Not for his breadth of Being were contrived  
Of man the scales, or measure of his grace.  
But he has made his bargain face to face  
With God—if there be God in more than lies  
Of ancient vogue, that in the Truth's disguise  
Were hawked by priests as unction for sore eyes,  
Till all the world was blinded, and fell down  
Before such gods beside whom wood and stone  
Were truths of wholesome aspect. At the throne  
Of her, God's goddess of the year's great Truth  
That is in Spring and primal Nature's passion,  
I did fall down in fancy of such fashion  
That all my soul, and body too, forsooth !  
Cried out in worship holy. Like a youth,  
When Longing's ecstasies would fan the fires  
Of love's delirium to strange desires  
That hang 'twixt earth and heaven, was I then !  
Forgotten, all, were baser things of men :  
All baseness known of women I forgot.  
And all the morning of pure passion's pain  
Rang rapturous responses through my brain—  
Love's own dear antidote.

Then spake I to this lady in such wise :—  
“ O Incarnation lovely of my Love,  
O lovely lust of Increase called of Spring,  
O Bride of Burgeoning,  
I am become all bridegroom for thine eyes !  
In every sense of me thine echoes teem :  
By this broad mirror of the noon above

The stars still set and rise  
To watch thee from the darkness of their dream !  
Their passion I can trace  
Reflected in thy face !  
For thee, with voice of worship, calls the stream ;  
The slow clouds rise from holy mountain tops  
Like incense for thee blown in silver steam ;  
And the pure fountain drops  
Her singing shade of rainbows through the beam !  
All things are quick to love, this April day.  
There is a world of longing in the wind  
About thy tresses twined :  
It listeth, or it lusteth—Who shall say ?”

“ O Goddess of the glory in green leaves,  
I am heart-hungry, I, thy worshipper !  
And fasting sense within my soul perceives,  
Thou lovely whisperer,  
That famished I may feed my full of thee !  
Let us behind the mountains and the sea  
To some far land where sorrow never dwells,  
Nor ever evil comes ;  
Where often I have tracked thee through the dells,  
And thy soft south wind roams  
Laden with fragrant breathing of bluebells !  
There may I mix myself with bounteous thine :  
In all my various need and veins I pine :  
Let me be made one with thee, and divine !”

“ God gave His sanction, surely, when He gave  
A soul to man and beauty to the world,  
To claim the light within a falling wave,

The moonrise and the daydawn dew-emppearled,  
 And every dædal impulse of the sun,  
 For Joy's own bride, Imagination.  
 To fill with increase earthly truth, and save,  
 With gracious things, the soul this side the grave. . . .  
 And thou, O lovely One, art all of Truth !  
 Thou art Truth's greatest goddess, that I know :  
 Long have I loved thee, from my youngest youth  
 Upwards. Oh, hear me, Goddess; let us go !  
 And as we go, forgive that I have sinned  
 In loving thee too little anywhere !  
 I hear a voice of whispers on the wind :  
*' Fair as she is, she yet would be more fair,  
 And yet more dear, for thee to clasp her there,  
 Than thou hast ever known !'*  
 Surely the fountain's shade is in thy hair,  
 Clear-falling, full of music of low tone.  
 And trees are surely making lovely moan  
 To swell my longing's prayer :—  
 Alone !—the fountain; and the trees—alone !  
 Oh, hearken ! Oh, mine only Goddess, hark !  
 Immortal ocean mads me—yon great pine  
 Voices that sea whereon we will embark  
 For lands of love, where lesser suns grow dark  
 Behind us, and before us, greater shine  
 On thine own island always ! where the lark  
 Sings without ceasing, and his cloud of song  
 Is all of cloud 'twixt us and deep blue heaven !—  
 Lest thou should'st slay me of this madness stark,  
 Lest I, perchance, of love should do thee wrong. . . .  
 I could do ravishment upon thee, even !”



" Oh, no ! I meant it not, my Aphrodité !  
Be not in haste to anger thee for such !  
If I did haste to lead me to delight,  
Blame me not now for loving thee too much !  
See, with a song I'll charm thee till art kind ;  
Till all things matter nothing, only love !  
I'll woo thee till art won for very shame  
Thou did'st keep Love long waiting but to prove  
The patience, not the passion, of his kind—  
The wisdom, not the wonder, of his name !"

*" Where thy green bowers are, by the white foam,  
Oh, Aphrodité, be mine !  
O'er waves of that song the sea sings in the pine  
I am fain to pursue thee, to follow thee home,  
To Desire's own echoing shrine !  
Dark the stars are above us : wait not for the night.  
Oh, haste ! Let us love by thine own April light,  
To those dream-island murmurs of thine,  
Aphrodité !  
Aphrodité ! Spring's lady ! Be mine !"*

Then did my lady from her gracious eyes  
Make only answer for a little space ;  
But dreams as old as any paradise  
Were passing o'er the Eden of her face.  
She made as if to speak me answer thrice ;  
And twice there came a whisper full of " Nays !"  
And once there came a whisper full of sighs—  
She was a very woman in her ways !  
Whoso has heard the birch-wood's voice of praise  
In all her leafy languages arise,

When warm winds mould her myriad hair of green,  
With sunlight soft between,  
And tenderness and tuneful artifice,  
Has heard an echo, but he has not *seen*  
How breathed my lady's bosom then, I ween !  
For—shaking out her shining hair—thuswise  
She sang; and for the manner how she sang,  
I think the wind sang like it to the sea  
A million years ago,  
Or by some Cytherean promontory  
That morning when from ocean's cave she sprang,  
With warm hair wet and heavy, hanging low,  
All foam and mystery.

*“ I am more fair, and haply far more human,  
Than mortal maids ungracious in their love ?  
O Love of Mine, that would'st so have me woman,  
The sun sees, all the sky looks down above ! . . .  
My bosom for a great delight of kisses  
Grows tender, as to woo me to thy mind.  
I am grown fain to hide me in my tresses. . . .  
Nay, then ! shall Aphrodité prove unkind ?  
And am I fair, and am I dear to thee ?  
O Love, O Love ! that thou so temptest me ! ”*

And I went to her: we were all alone !  
And very real and near my lady smiled.  
And very far away had all things gone  
With Love's own lonely landscapes reconciled.  
But hardly. Now a shade of April trees  
Made murmur through the kisses of the sun  
About our coming, and a choir of birds

Sang all at once old Hymen's morning hymn. . . .  
I did not see there any Cherubim  
Or flaming swords, or flaming fiddlesticks,  
To frighten folk away with fire-work tricks.  
And all the snakes were silent that were there  
Save those soft golden ones—my lady's hair,  
Through which she oft would whisper golden words  
So all her hair grew eloquent, and dim  
With golden shadow all her countenance.  
I thought the blue love-lightnings of her glance  
Had waked men made of Arctic-midnight cold,  
Had made more timid love be overbold:  
For me, I walked in trance,  
Too tender to be fearful, organ-souled,  
From which she shook the utmost chords of sense,  
That trembled round her wild white innocence  
Like choral dawns round life's high places rolled.

We two alone through all an April shade !  
Great hollies flickered argent fire and gloomed  
Like dark blue midnight memories that loomed  
Still permeate with brooding sense of stars.  
And with a sense of day's own dye there bloomed  
Long spaces steeped in bluebells' azure light,  
Till earth rose heaven. Soft winds disarrayed  
The birch with splendour so her myriad hairs  
Were as green water-fountains falling bright  
About shy limbs of their own silver sprite.  
And from her greenwood lairs  
Did Echo steal on Echo unawares,  
Through many a silent breathing of blown trees  
And shadow-haunted glade

Across a world of woodland: then the breeze  
Burdened with brine and long-drawn cadences,  
Deep, solemn-sounding only as the sea's!

Now flashed the foam-white crescent wave and curled  
The long blue shine of waters crowding home  
With all the plangent pulse of ocean's world,  
Eager to fill each separate mouth of foam  
With sigh of breathing kisses salt and slow,  
And print its passioned progress o'er the strand:  
The sun was scarce more golden than the sand  
Among the dunes of grassy beaches low.  
And from the sea-wind's wide-flung first embrace  
That shook the birches' hair with amorous storms  
Such sweet, strong madness shuddered through the place  
We two were nigh to panic, in alarms  
That only lovers feel when face to face  
And joys to warmer grow.  
I durst not ask surrender of those charms  
She was become as eager to forgo  
As I to lose my way amid her arms,  
As she to lose her woman's way of "No!"  
Her sense and mine swayed, trembled, danced, and flung  
Madly against each other. The blue sky  
Darkened against a darker sea. We clung—  
We two together—for a space, to sigh  
And pant with longings inarticulate  
In any language save of starry date  
That Love interprets through tumultuous tears  
His own warm wishes dye,  
For everlasting meaning to the years;  
God's breath of Lust, love's lips would sanctify.

In every vein some ancestor of old  
Who clasped his bride in caverns oversea  
Spake to me then; and Passion's pæan rolled  
Mute from the margins of eternity  
With its own might of message. "Comfort me !  
O Love of Mine, you loved me long ago :  
Because thou *art*, thou *wast*—in Arcady !—  
Before Love's lure was laid in Ilion !—  
Before Astarte or Semiramis,  
Thou sawest in far forgotten years ago  
How the moon held her midnight mysteries  
In the untrodden places of the snow  
On highest Himalaya !—We were one  
In sun-warm sands that waited Babylon,  
O Love of Mine that loved me long ago !  
We two may meet and mix but once, no more,  
In each of all our myriad lives, and oh !  
A myriad streams of mingling through me flow  
To mate with thine, beloved, by the shore !"  
She spake it; and I knew her mine to love  
In her most intimate and tender trance,  
In rapture where the inner circumstance  
Of Being breaks in primal blowth above  
The bridal-beds of elementary pain.  
I watched her pure eyes clouding with the stain  
Of passion-surges grown intolerable  
Against the flood-gates of her maidenhood :  
And in her face a lovely shameful mood  
Stained, with its blushing darkness of eclipse,  
Her white skin scarlet as her anxious lips  
That whispered: "Love me when the tide is full !"  
She had slipped down and left me so I stood

As one from dreams, when sudden waking strips,  
From out the closure of his arms, delight  
In some dear woman, captive all the night,  
Whose tender ministrations memories mock  
Through empty, hateful portals at his blood.  
She had slipped down beneath me so I stood  
Shaken, in that green shadow of the wood;  
Swaying, and staring at the stricken trees  
Writhing among embraces of the breeze,  
I saw their white limbs rock:  
Without, I heard the echoes of the tide. . . .  
And now she made a place for me beside  
Her lithe limbs laid among deep grass and good  
For lovely strife at amorous victories:  
She hid her face within its golden hood  
Of ardent hair, her only veil,—my bride!  
And as I kissed her through it, “At the flood. . . .  
At the full flood-tide take me!” then she gasped,  
And so we waited, mutely mad through all  
Anticipation’s raptured interval,  
Limbs interwoven, beating bosoms clasped.

The tide had turned an hour: the outer deep  
Echoed with fainter music in our ears,  
Breathed in our blood soft, tuneful things of sleep:  
And soft, pleached sunlights dried her passion’s tears.  
I watched a thousand recollections creep  
In faint, quick flushes from her bosom’s nest  
To hide among her golden shade of hair. . . .  
My lovely Aphrodité! Oh, to rest  
All weariness of sordid struggle there,  
But once again! To me thou wast more fair,

And art, than aught; and full of God's own love  
 And all the wonder of His wedded years !  
 I kissed His hand when I have kissed thy breast,  
 Surely, if there be God found anywhere !  
 My Aphrodité ! Only once again ! . . .  
 The memory of our mingling soars above,  
 Star-like, among the spheres.  
 Fraught with new meaning is the stellar Wain :  
 God's lovely lust is wound about the stars,  
 And every earthly atom woos its kind !  
 All pregnant Nature teemed that avatars  
 Be born in Man, to breed from every wind  
 Response of holy Truth, so that the mind  
 Of all men hear His message in their youth;  
 And hearing, know, as know they surely can,  
 That naught which man may ever do for Truth  
 Compares with all that Truth shall do for man !  
 Truth only may teach Beauty, Beauty this :—  
 That Love alone is worthy lord of souls;  
 Hate, but a hireling still the beast controls—  
 Ugly, a mean thing, full of blemishes,  
 That yet shall rise, as man rose from the beast,  
 Through many purifyings, till its yeast  
 Be potent as a purer Manhood's barm  
 For use on evil only, and all harm  
 Has lost its power to choke the centuries.  
 Yea ! in that tranquil hemisphere of time  
 Men call the future hate shall cleanse the earth  
 With manifold Truth's teaching, for sublime  
 Example even unto love that worth  
 Is in all things that best fulfil their birth.  
 Yea ! as the Yeast of God, in man shall rise

The sun of Truth, till evil come to dearth  
 Among the outer darkness, and fulfil  
 Its life in one great catacomb of Ill. . . .  
 As I dreamed thus beside her, here her eyes,  
 That had been veiled awhile with drowsy peace,  
 Opened: it seemed she knew my thoughts. "To these,  
 O Love of Mine, shalt add this other thing:—  
 Lust *was*, that Love *might be*. They blaspheme God  
 Who criticise His methods. Lust is good,  
 And he who mocks it doth imbue his blood  
 With mockery against God's grace of Spring.  
 Lust is His breath who quickened all a world—  
 Too good a thing to waste on baser joy:  
 Whoso shall lose his lust in loveless ease  
 Shall find his pleasure only to destroy.  
 This shall be truth for lovers:—Only love  
 Than lust in them should holier be: above  
 All other ways shall this one purify!"  
 She paused in thought. Then both her white arms curled  
 Softly about my neck. She whispered: "Dear,  
 Remember this hereafter; I am near,  
 Yea, very near thee always; and would guide  
 My poet's passions only to her side  
 Thou mayest love, and loving her, love me."  
 She spake the last a trifle wistfully.  
 "And I will so awake, I promise thee,  
 Her woman's nature, thou need'st never roam  
 To clasp me ever by this island foam. . . .  
 My memory shall move you in your home."

At that I made to answer; but she stopped  
 My mouth with many kisses for a space.



I kissed her tender eyelids when they dropped,  
That could not hide the longing in her face.  
But afterwards, again I answered her,  
"My goddess, though were every woman fair,  
That would not make her love me—make her *love* :  
I doubt some women know what love may be !"  
Her eyes were laughing as she answered me.  
"No ? Can all *men* love ? Art a foolish one !  
There are some things e'en poets' brains above.  
I say we women are so great at it,  
So old we are in passion's lovely lore,  
Not all men-poets that the sun shone on  
Have guessed how deep Desire in us can sit  
And sing such songs as Sappho sang of yore—  
Nay, sings in us for ever ! There is more  
Of God's own meaning than a man may guess  
In woman that is Woman !" . . . Strange distress  
Shook out in tremors through her frame: she wept  
Such poignant tears as only women keep.  
And long it took to kiss them into sleep:  
The tide was out ere she had ceased to weep. . . .  
Only the wind sighed. . . . In her arms I slept.

Evening. . . . The further sky had faded light:  
It gave the sharp sea-line a deeper hue  
Than ere I slept: somewhat more darkly bright  
The sea seemed,—one unbroken, lovely blue  
Save for its host of small waves falling white,  
As the slow tide made over emerald rocks  
And broad brown levels of the chevroned sand  
That gleamed to gold in places. Aphrodité  
Sat by me, holding mine with one small hand

The while the other spread out wayward locks  
For Fancy's idle weaving so I saw  
Her blue-blown bosom's founts that glimmered through  
Had fed too long the sea-wind's chilly maw.  
And at the sight my passion sprang anew  
To robe her round in warm protection's clasp.  
But she brake from me with a sudden gasp—  
"O Love of Mine, the hour is come! Adieu!  
*Adieu?* Oh, ay! *Farewell!* . . . yet not farewell. . . .  
No more may Aphrodité be such bride  
To thee as she. . . . Alas! Alas!" she cried.  
I seized her then, her resolution tried  
So sorely, that she, moaning, made to tell  
I should once more take all my last long fill  
Of her; but, soon as I had had my will,  
She must be gone for ever from my side—  
In mortal shape, that is. . . . And here the tide,  
Meseemed, spake sudden from a falling wave  
Of deeper tone than heretofore. She gave  
A nod of piteous gesture to the sea:  
Her smooth throat shuddered as she echoed, "Hark!"  
And in her eyes a birth of tears grew dark:  
And then she gave her lovely self to me.

But of some things we spake. . . . I shall not tell  
Of that last anguish of our mingled lives,  
That like some unforgetful fever drives  
Along my blood this moment. How she made,  
As the stars strengthen, so desire in me  
More manifest with lovely light and shade.  
This may I:—At the last we kissed farewell,  
There by the shore of that dark evening sea,

That ne'er may fade from out my memory  
Till life's last pulse has faded in a knell. . . .  
Yea, we stood up together at the last:  
She had looked seaward thrice: her blown hair fell  
In whispering, wild sadness—"It is past!"—  
About my breast. . . . The tide was calling home  
My lovely one. She shivered in a blast  
That sounded like a summons from the foam.  
She might not disobey. . . . And then I heard  
Far out upon the sea-line, near the sun,  
A murmur of waves falling grow to one  
Clear word, that shone like sea-birds, seen afar,  
Shine when they leave the water suddenly;  
And silent as the foam fades, or a star  
Among wide waste sea-waters was that word  
The sea-line spake to me.  
And, as it came, the trees around were stirred  
Strangely, as of some Sorrow passing through;  
And the wind rose three sudden times and shrilled,  
And at the sound the shadow of the sea  
Passed over eyes that had been heaven's hue;  
And thrice her hair was shaken as it filled,  
With sharp, small sounds she stifled ere they grew  
Larger and tore my ears, while passion thrilled  
Her tightened arms. And then our lips withdrew  
That had shut hard in stricken hold on each:  
And blind with parting's pain  
I stood where we had lain;  
And from our bridal-bed had last of speech  
With her, my bride. For now she turned again—  
The tide was round her little feet—and called;  
And all the sea in echo rose and fell:

“ Farewell, O Love ! O Mortal Love, farewell !  
We have not loved in vain !  
Already in me quickens graft of thee !  
And all my womb, with mortal love enthralled,  
Shall burgeon with fresh fruit of Poetry !  
That poetry which makes men to me turn,  
Even as thou didst mix with me, to make  
My love a meaning so their senses ache  
With purer passion when their lust shall burn :—  
Seeing that loveless lust begets a rod,  
Whereby the soul is beaten from the brute,  
And the blind brute knows but the beast for God ;  
Till God’s own voice be mute,  
Where blasphemy for ugliness doth yearn.  
And now I go ! Take comfort ! I am near  
When thou shalt clasp some tender woman kind,  
Surely, I promise thee, shall be more dear  
Her kisses, for my teaching !” And the wind  
Spake of a sudden, solemn ; and the trees  
Shook, all together ; and a shape of foam  
Clung wildly white upon her, round her knees :  
Her hair, her hand, waved ; and she turned her home.

Then from the bower of birch-trees, that had hung  
With tender tapestries our joys, and sung  
Our bridal benison, I brake and cried,  
As one from whom love’s last despair has wrung  
Hatred of future living. In the tide,  
As men may fling life from them, then I flung ,  
And sought my death in tombs that held my bride.  
But with soft strength resistless I was borne,  
Three separate times of struggle, back to land—

She would not let me drown. So life forlorn  
Went up with baffled death once more to stand  
'Midst those green imprints of impassioned hours,  
Where fragrant from her body lay the grass,  
And the mute stems of broken bluebell-flowers  
Bore bridal-witness. Thence I saw her pass  
Toward the falling darkness far away,—  
Her gold hair like a floating flame. Alas !  
The lovely golden head that might not stay.  
Swift sank the sun from out our wedding-day,  
And sorrowful for me that sundown showed  
The while I watched her, passing, float afar.  
Till, in her place, there loomed a sudden star  
And through a mist of purple twilight glowed  
Insistent, white, and wonderful. And soon,  
As one that sees a darkness on the moon,  
Infected with an earthlight, shape and shine—  
Upon the shadow of the further coast -  
I saw, above the wan foam-water's line,  
A glooming shape that floated on the dark  
Of April's ebbing flood, against a ghost—  
Like a faint flame that silver limbs display—  
And glimmered lonely o'er the wave: a stark,  
Still shape that gloomed beside a silver ray—  
The crescent of a month that might be May.

And, as befounded by some larger sense,  
By passion brought to birth for vain delight—  
Whose wings, alas, are less than infinite,  
Nay, weak as wide and wild with the Immense—  
My soul beat blindly down that bridal-night  
Whose joy was flown before its screen of stars

Had dropped a veil of splendours dark and bright  
On love's own splendid shame. As iron bars  
The darks that shut upon me seemed, and rang  
As iron rings reverberant when my soul,  
Too feeble for the quest on which it sprang,  
Shuddered upon them; till such strong control  
As Frenzy has for madmen rioted  
Its own despair to ruin that was ease,  
And the mad stars, distraught as mine own head,  
Grew quiet with their old accustomed peace.  
Then like a man from such a grave arisen  
As holds the springtide-splendours of a dream,  
'Gainst which is life a thing grown pale in prison,  
My soul went sadly forward down a stream  
Of half-remembered twilight things that draw  
The patient pulses from their sleepy blood  
Back into power of living. Soon I saw  
The darkness break and scatter from a wood,  
Familiar with a host of laughing leaves  
In England's loveliest late April mood,  
That drew my feet by threads of grassy track  
Adown green slopes and sunlight. Sense conceives  
No light so swift as then came rolling back  
The town above, the bridge whereon I stood.

Then I awoke, and watched a little space  
The four small streams grow into one; and heard  
A train behind me whistle. But the place  
Was strange for Surrey still. And afterward,  
Her name clung to my ears, her glory glowed,  
At every bend along the London road.

## His Answer to those who imputed Impurity to him in regard to the Preceding Poem

I sing that BEAUTY which is born of God,  
Or gods be things as grocers use to gull  
Mankind with the belief their goods are full  
Of virtues that may never cross the road.  
I sing DESIRE DEGRADED is a thing  
Such as might bring a very God to tears:  
That love is lovelier for its lust; as Spring  
Exalts, not makes a harlot of, the year's.

For Lust that is The Dog with Bad Name given  
Sends all the stars in protest over heaven.  
And who requites the Spirit of his Birth  
With ignominy—sends that spirit forth  
To shameful death, not joyous peace and strife,  
To help make harlots while he robs his wife.

# The Thorn Brake

A TRAGEDY.

A tale of sisters, twins, and of their love  
That with the vestal fires of maidenhood  
Shone through all seasons of their younger youth  
As twin stars burn in calm communion.  
And as twin stars, dusked by the smallest cloud,  
So sorrow, touching one, had darkened both,  
Nor gladness moved, nor wonder woke them so  
But that each felt the other's in her own:  
To fret in separation, or to joy  
In unison when separation o'er,—  
Their several natures had a common aim.  
To share their pleasures was their greatest good:  
In grief their solace was to mix their tears.  
A mother's life was forfeit at their birth:  
At harvest, in their thirteenth summer, Death  
Came gleaning through the August evening fields  
And called the farmer, there among his men:  
A red moon rising saw them fatherless.

The farm was sold, save only that they kept  
A cottage for their own, with garden ground  
Set thick with flowers and hoary apple-trees  
Below a wooded shoulder of the hills.  
Here change came seldom with the changing years:—  
A lonely valley, with the western end  
Closed with a ridge of pines that darkling reared  
Its crest and made a shadow night and day,  
Or smoked against the twilight when the dusk



Went with damp breath and chill among the trees—  
Seen from the cottage.

In the summer time  
The place was full of quiet such as dwells  
In low lands where the meadow waters move  
Slowly and silently by narrow ways  
'Mid the long fragrance of the meadow-sweet.  
Here time laid balm upon the wounds of death;  
And love sufficed them, where the means to life  
Of country pleasures, health, and quiet days  
Within their cottage home was amply theirs.  
They knew contentment, seeking not to know  
A fuller life where life was full to them,—  
The country's face, with features like a friend  
Passed in their journeys through the years of life  
By woods and hills and little market town,—  
Where wild-flowers grew, and where the streams came  
down,  
Like voices heard in echo, from the hills  
To lose at once their language and their breath  
Within a mere, where moorhens made their home  
And no man went—a marshy loneliness  
Of water darkling in the dusk of reeds.  
A place where sound came seldom, save in sighs;  
Whose lightest laughter seemed the marigolds';  
And, for the younger of the twain, possessed  
With spirits sombre—for the elder, sad,  
Who went there oft. To them were known the birds  
That filled with song the silent breast of dawn  
And with thanksgiving filled all waking hours  
When the young year came softly through the land.  
The stars they knew that climbed the solemn east

When night obscured with sleep the orient hills:  
And they would wander hand in hand at dusk  
Upon the down behind them, wondering  
To see the death-fires of the passing day  
Burn to their ashes, till the purple west  
Seemed only one great silence and a star.  
Then would their handclasp tighten as they went,  
Lest, in the season of her singing time,  
The nightingale should wake the wood with pain  
Each felt was in the song and knew not why,  
Save that the lark's was gladness unto hers.  
Thus homeward wending, they would wait for sleep,  
And dream together by each other's side;  
So, the old dame who dwelt alone with them  
Would set their meals, and so their ingle stools  
When winter's night ran roaring through the hills  
That girt the place with strength and solitude.  
Alike in these things were they as the west  
Is like the east at noonday when the sun  
Sees not a cloud within the ambitus  
Of wide horizons to depose his reign;  
Not more unlike the sunset's burning breast  
The cool of eastern evening—otherwise:  
Love made them one, and Nature different.

Beneath their hands the cottage garden grew  
Into such loveliness as love begets  
In old-world places, when to Nature given.  
The jessamine, the clematis, the yellow rose,  
Clung fondlier to the lichen on the walls:  
The arch of hazel boughs above the gate,  
Each year with fuller tribute welcoming,

Became a bower where roses' fragrant breath  
Vied with the honeysuckle's eloquence  
Inviting love to enter. And beyond  
Were high delights of blue delphiniums:  
Great bell-flowers, and larkspurs, marigolds,  
Sweet Williams variant, forget-me-nots,  
Grew thickly there: and came there from the field  
Germander speedwells, grey as kittens' eyes,  
That love to look from hedgerows at the sun,  
With all their blue-eyed sisters; champions;  
Stitchworts: and from the wild the rose-bay came  
And made one damp green corner bright with bloom.

Behind a dusk of sweetbriar 'gainst the road  
The sisters would enjoy with simple pride  
The comments of such folk as passed; and there  
Would sit and sew, and talk of many things,  
And hazard guesses only half in jest  
At footsteps waiting softly by the gate  
O' nights, that love's low music filled and stars.  
And each would laugh and fall to wondering,  
And laugh again, and doubt that Love would come,  
And if he came, be welcome.

So five years

They grew together, though between them change  
Had passed and left one other than before:  
And she, mistrustful of herself, spoke not,  
But her first secret from her sister kept—  
Knowing the other all in ignorance.  
Nell, by an hour the elder, long had reached  
The plangent press of waters where the stream  
First feels the trouble of the outer sea

And innocence is lost in womanhood,  
Ere yet the current of her sister's life,  
Through laughing shallows full of little song,  
Had danced its merry way to deeper things.  
Rose they had named her, and had named her well:  
A white rose touched with red along the lips,  
And in her cheeks the roses waxed and waned  
Through the swift seasons of her many moods.  
Her hair was like the Autumn's, full of gold:  
Her eyes were virginal as early skies  
Seen through calm dusks at daybreak: and her voice  
Had in its echoes something of the stream's,  
When through low arches of a greenwood way  
A brook's small comment is a grateful thing.  
All grace was in her such as joys the sense,  
And in her every movement gladness woke.  
Her tenderness was more than April days.  
Darker, her sister Nell, with hazel eyes;  
Deep-bosomed for her years, and larger limbed:  
Her hair's black coil from sunlight borrowed bloom,  
As clouds do when with sunset darkly dyed.  
Her sister's gladness touched her as a child's,  
And oft would make her fearful lest befall  
Some unknown happening, and such a joy,  
Dimmed once of storms that shake the deeps of sex,  
Lose light in fading so it shone no more.  
For to her sister, Nell was mother too,  
And with a mother's eyes the future feared,—  
Vague dreads born of her own awakenings.  
At times, to some responsive chord unheard  
Of any save the soul to which attuned,  
The girl in sunset places would grow sad

The while the world grew old and sorrowful  
As Rose had never seen it,—with regret  
Immitigable, vast, of primal things.

It chanced one sabbath they had gone to hear  
A preacher, whose renown preceded him  
Across the hills through all that countryside:  
A wild man drunk with his own eloquence;  
Whose honesty of faith had robbed his sense;  
Till, flushed with songs of victory, his pride  
At being in the confidence of God  
Could scarce restrain his deep humility.  
Who promised much for those who would receive  
The message running riot through his soul,  
(For those who would not was much dreadfulness)  
Of how God had revealed Himself by Faith  
And spoken words of wonder that were Truth,—  
Of how Truth dwelt within his God's own Word,—  
How truth which proved itself was but of man,  
Though by it learned men might weigh a star.  
The test applied of Faith proved greater things.  
Facts by that touchstone less than fiction were:  
A rib became a woman : suns stood still  
Upon the city Gibeon, the moon  
Within the valley Ajalon; and while  
The Amorites were slaughtered righteously,  
Few among all who heard him pitied them.  
But moved to wonder were they as they stood  
Upon that English hillside where he preached,  
For even as he spoke he raised his eyes  
And all his hearers followed, wondering;  
Nor did the sun they looked on greatly move.

Of many things he spoke. How Jonah fared  
Within the belly of a monstrous fish :  
And marvelled they the more how wonderful  
God was in those, the days of miracles.  
(Soon after this, it was, the navvies came  
From foreign parts, and at the squire's word  
Enclosed another mile of common-lands.)  
And God had bidden him go through the world  
To preach eternal love and endless life  
Of future bliss beyond the dreams of man—  
His vanity well nourished by the thought  
How an eternal punishment of flame  
And worms that died not would avenge his creed  
On those who listened and believed him not.  
And many there who heard were touched to tears :  
And some fell down and strewed their hair with dust,  
Proud that they found them lower than the dirt,  
And thought of all God's goodness unto man,—  
Of how in sin they had walked heedlessly,—  
How they were missing Heaven for a Hell  
That made repentance easy. So they ran  
About the preacher and about the place,  
On all who would not hearken pressing tracts,  
In which a sailor on a desert isle,  
Who had cursed everything with dreadful oaths,  
Found a stream running softly down its course  
Full of fresh water,—how God bade him drink  
(His thirst was awful) and henceforth repent.

The two girls listening to the discourse stood  
Close to the preacher; and her sister's arm  
Nell held the tighter when she saw her eyes

Fill with a light words had not kindled there,—  
Saw how she heeded more his face and voice  
Than aught his lips could conjure from his brain :  
And when the man flung wide his open arms  
The young girl started forward eagerly  
Ere a quick shame had quenched her eyes with tears.  
While through its flurry Nell had plainly seen—  
As through the smoke the swans' wings threshed from foam  
On Winderne Manor's long water, near by—  
The virgin pinions of first passion beat  
The calm of sleeping waters into storm.  
He who had caused it, being quick to mark  
The workings of the spirit in a crowd,  
Saw her confusion; when he saw her face,  
Struck on a word,—and stumbled,—found himself,—  
And poured again a flood of burning words  
Upon his hearers; though it seemed to Rose  
His soul leapt through them seeking only hers.  
His eyes she felt upon her till she burned  
From head to foot so all her body blushed :  
Then fear took hold on her, she knew not why,  
And left her weak for shame to make complete  
The havoc of her youthful senses. Nell,  
Feeling her sister's shame upon her too,  
Half angered at her, drew her from the crowd  
And walked beside her silently: and Rose,  
Who felt her silence hid but a rebuke,  
Went humbly with her, mutely miserable.  
Nell then at last: "How could you, Rose!" But she  
Returned no answer with her lips, but glanced  
With eyes that dumbly pleaded through their tears  
Toward the other; and then blindly sought

Her sister's arm, and softly clung to it,  
In manner beyond eloquence of words,  
Craving some sympathy. They now had reached  
A road, that went through woodlands past their home  
And lost itself in leafage and dead years,  
Where, like a league-long grave among the hills,  
Its grassy silence lay alone through time;  
But here, a cutting through a chalky land  
Clothed with long bents, blue scabious flowers, and thick  
With berried boskets of wayfaring-trees.  
Stray poppies glowed in the September sun,  
And autumn's quiet filled the afternoon.  
Here Nell, repenting of her haste for words,  
Made other reparation with her lips  
Upon her sister's blushes. Whereat Rose—  
And she with many roses tremulous:  
"Oh, Nell, I love him!" But the other felt  
A sense of strangeness, wherein jealousy  
Was foster-parent to a growing fear,  
Come on her so that all the place was changed;  
And down the road, in fancy, saw go by,  
Slowly and sorrowfully, what had been  
And now no longer would be,—their old life,  
With echoes of its passing on her ears  
Sounding forebodement and a vain regret;  
While yet she saw the preacher's passioned eyes  
Darken within her sister's and her own;  
And turned away: and all the place grew dusk  
Before her soul. Then, of a sudden, Nell  
Saw floating through the shade that bound her eyes  
A vision of her sister long ago,  
Kneeling, with down-bent golden head, upon the field



The night her father died; and when it passed  
Her eyes were waiting wide with motherhood.

At nightfall there arose a glooming wind  
That swept into its breast the golden spoil  
Of many woodlands gathered in the dark,  
And made a sound of sorrow through the vale.  
Elijah Hurst—so was the preacher called—  
Walked eastward in the evening; and he saw  
The cottage window square with ruddy light  
Marred by the night-wind's burden of blown leaves;  
Stopped at the gate, and fumbled for the latch,  
Entered, and found his way, between the beds  
Of wan blue flowers that usher Autumn in,  
Towards the porch, and knocked upon the door.  
And then he saw and knew her standing there,—  
A light behind her, and her figure dark  
Against the light, and all the shape of her  
Beheld by him and through such mystery  
As shrouds while it unseals the springs of sex,  
So that he stood athirst and wanted her,  
Forgot his errand, seeking for her face,  
Then, with an effort moved to memory,  
From papers that he carried, one or two  
Held out to her, and saying that he called  
To leave the Word he preached. How that he fared  
On foot along the valley to a town  
Beyond the hills, where many dwelt in sin  
And waited for his Master's call to arms  
Against the hosts of Satan. There next week  
He had three meetings; and returned again  
To preach, next Sunday, on the same hillside

Where he, that day, had many converts made.  
And (Rose it was) she answered, how she heard  
His message there; then stammered;—and both knew  
They would be no more strangers from that hour.  
She watched him to the gate, and felt the night  
Close on him like a hateful thing of hands  
That held her back from happiness. Then she re-  
turned

To where her sister waited with still eyes  
Fixed hard upon her sewing; so that Rose  
Held out to her the papers hastily—  
Finding excuse there readiest to her hand  
For blushes that the fireplace mirror showed,  
As with bright eyes she searched her traitor face  
Aflame with banners of love's anarchy;  
Then sat her down, and made pretence to read.  
Nell, of a sudden, ceased her work and came  
And stood beside her sister, and bent down,—  
Taking her hands within her own. But Rose  
With petulance of passion to be free  
Of aught that might rebuke her secret dreams  
Or check the woman waking in her soul,  
Turned with half frightened and averted eyes;  
And with the coward cruelty of fear  
Found shame's relief in hurting one she loved;  
Withdrew her hands and hardened all her heart;  
And hated all things that might keep from her  
The man she loved, or thoughts or dreams of him.  
Then swift as April sunshine through wet woods  
Pursues the flying rain among the trees,  
Her mood had changed,—the clouds were broken up  
That hung unseen but felt between them there.

And like a child she clung to Nell, and told,  
With shy soft eyes, how all unmeant had been  
Her sudden temper; how she not herself  
Had felt, but full of strangeness,—simple words  
Ending in simpler language of a kiss.

But when that midnight wrapped the valley close  
In nether darkness and the wind was wild  
With wail of mournful meaning in the trees,  
Nell wakened from her sleep to stifled sobs,  
Half heard, half felt, beside her, and lay still  
With all the menace of the night without  
Embodied in a sudden sense of fear  
Upon her, as she listened to the child  
Become a woman by the stormy breath  
Of passion's advent. Then she softly spoke;  
And sought amid the darkness till she found  
Her sister's neck warm-throbbing to her hand  
Beneath the yellow hair, and drew her close,  
And kissed her sobs through silence into sleep;  
Then lay and held the sleeper in her arms.  
The slow night passed while thus awake she lay,  
Till—when the thinning shadows round the dawn  
Fled down the east wind's moaning westward path—  
In the first twilight of the day she saw  
Her sister's face had changed, as though the night,  
Then passing, had concealed within its shade  
The lapse of glad and sad, eventful years.

Behind the brow that overlooked their home  
The high downs dropped to northward; pines began,  
And in dark ridges rolled toward the plains.

But, ere the chalk hills rested on the sand,  
Abele-trees glimmered wanly o'er the pines;  
With brakes of thorn, and ferny undergrowth :—  
A solitude that summer filled with shade  
Of silver-gleaming shadows; winter full  
Of dreariness—a barren place of ghosts,  
Wherein the thorn-trees writhed their sombre limbs  
Of sinister suggestion, and a rust  
Stained all the poplars.

Here Elijah Hurst  
By chance had seen the sisters, where the tract  
Of wilderness, divided long ago  
By what had once been roadway, now again  
Closed up its heart against the feet of man.  
Unseen of them he watched her with warm eyes  
For whom his soul were forfeit. Then her fate—  
If such a thing as fate be in the world—  
Laid hands about and turned her so she saw  
His watching from the gloom among the wild;  
But told it not, save only to her heart  
Through all the night that followed and the day.

For him—he haunted it for many days,  
Until he felt the melancholy Thing  
In all his blood; like to the thing he craved  
That tempted him from Godward womanwise.  
Safe harbourage it seemed for his desire,—  
A secret place to nourish secret sins  
Among the shameful limbs that writhed, and bound  
His sense and soul.

And when at last—alone—  
She next came there, with feet that trod in hope

And fear as many times as she her heart  
Heard beating in her bosom, there they met.

Love lives the liefer for a lonely land:  
And love was easy speaking on his lips  
Where every word had helpmate in her ears,  
That had not listened only had they lost  
Their power to hearken to their pulse of life.  
These things were in December, when the sun  
Makes western afternoon a crucible  
Wherein is melted finest gold of heaven,  
When clouds are brown that cross it, and low rays  
Bring the brown birch woods into winter bloom.  
In such an hour their meeting: and her soul  
Drank of the glory golden from the west,  
The while his words were golden as the hour,  
And as the gold of heaven all her dreams.  
Deep sheltered in the wilderness at last  
They found themselves, and waited for the dusk:  
And when a star first flowered in the thorns  
He drew her close, and for the first time kissed  
Her mouth that clung to his so that his soul  
Grew softly dark with craving for her lips,  
Then kissed her eyes; and all the place for her  
Was softly dark with swoon of young desire.  
Three times they met by stealth there afterwards;  
And ever hiding deeper in its glooms,  
As louder grew the clamour in their hearts,  
And fiercer and more tender, tenderness.  
There Sin they watched, affecting not to see  
The warm-eyed things of whispers amorous:—  
The place seemed full of spirits for them both,

That leagued themselves to aid him with their arts—  
Weaving soft spells in which she loved her toils,  
And sighing sank the deeper, or would break,  
Only to joy the more in rapt return;  
Until her wish and will together came  
And robbed her of all strength but that of love.  
Nerving her senses while he drugged her soul,  
Repentance was salvation, so he taught,—  
That potent lure to lecher's honeyed snares:  
And oft she fluttered round it, night and day.  
But when the new year bound the wolds with frost  
And silence lay like death among the thorns,  
A man and woman went in there to sin.

In February, when a thousand rills  
Went murmuring along the valley, Nell  
Knew first the secret of her sister's shame.  
Rose, maddened by her guilt, in sudden fear  
Confessed in one wild outburst, and fell down—  
Lying in swoon about her sister's feet.  
So long she swooned it seemed more like to death  
Than life grown mercifully mute and saved  
From the intolerable anguish of the soul  
A breathless breathing-space. When once again  
A faint flower blossomed in her cheeks, and Nell  
Saw the pale eyelids' fluttered opening  
And heard the sighing breath, from respite o'er,  
Take up its burden of life's being, Rose  
Found a forgiveness stronger than despair;  
And told of things that put the sun away.

Then Nell went up across the hill and passed  
Into the wild among the hateful trees,

And came upon the man who waited there.  
And they walked back towards the valley road,  
The while he listened to a tale for him  
But too well known now colder eyes could read,  
And must read often, in the scroll of lust  
The sacrilege that passion wrote as love.  
Black guilt had struck him silent so he feared  
The sound of his own voice would but accuse  
The treachery that fain excuse had found  
But that the hands of shame were on his throat  
To choke the lies that lurked there: and his words  
That came at last were echoes out of hell  
Wherethrough a guilty wretch cried nakedly.  
And Nell within her heart her sister's doom  
Heard spoken by another—that his wife.  
And when he ceased she stood and watched the pines,  
That as a funeral pyre upon the ridge  
Smoked in the sunset's conflagration. There,  
And while she watched, he prayed her to forgive,  
But all her thoughts were elsewhere. The man  
Clutched at her arm with shaking hands that stung,  
And all his touch spoke treason. Then she saw  
Below them, in the valley road, draw near  
A farmer's wife whose tongue was Scandal's own,—  
A woman Nell detested for a snake.  
But Hurst, the preacher, blinded of remorse,  
Saw not her coming, and with ghastly lips  
Was whispering to Nell to kiss for him  
The sister he had wronged. At that she turned,  
And in her eyes were things inscrutable.  
She trembling, shut them close, but moved to him;  
Said quickly—"Kiss me once," and she would pass

His farewell on to Rose, and all his words:  
Next felt his lips—unflinching though they clung  
Like hateful shame upon her own; and then  
Went silently from him she saw no more.

Ere the last windflower of that spring had blown,  
Nell with her sister passed from out the vale,  
And hid their life in London; for the shame  
Of dreaded shadow now was certainty.  
In stupor Rose lived on; with stricken eyes  
That feared the light, and long since drained of  
tears

In one the fountain of whose tears was dry;  
A broken flower, and bruised to death for sure,  
But that a sister's arm had lifted her,  
And with calm fearless hands kept off the winds  
That blow about the world in seeking out  
And screaming over things that hide from shame.  
And when her time was near upon her, Rose  
Prayed Nell to take her back there if she died,  
Where in the valley both their parents slept;  
And where they once had dwelt in peace.... The  
child

Was healthy; and the mother lived. But Nell,  
With eyes that watched unceasingly for aught  
That might retard her sister's bid for life  
Of other than a shameful misery,  
Saw she was fretting deathward for the hills,  
And for the wild-flowers laughing in the meads  
Along the valley. London never smiled;  
And fain would she have crept back to their home  
But for the shame she dared not front.



The place

Was still as they had left it,—the old dame,  
Now dead among her people,—still their own.

By now the child was near a twelvemonth old,—  
A fairy mite, who with her mother's hair  
Had darker eyes.

Then Nell first told of her  
Who saw them kiss, above the valley road;  
And she acclaimed herself indifferent  
To scorn of man or woman or the world;  
And asked to be the mother of the child.  
And for the shame she laughed at it; and drew  
A picture of their old life, with the child  
Shared of them both in secret.

So at last,  
When Christmas made the watercourses mute  
In all the lower valley-level's snow,  
And a great frost had silenced all the winds,  
The two returned; and Nell, with Rose's child  
Held tightly in her arms, took on the shame  
That was their Yuletide greeting through the vale;  
Wherein the prophecies the woman spoke,  
With Scandal's passion of cold lust, had found  
Already credence—now to be confirmed.

Long lay that winter heavy on the land;  
And heavy-hearted Rose was; till a day  
When a warm south wind came across the hills.  
And of a sudden all the valley waked  
With murmured voice of liberated snows,  
In hurry from their prison-house of frost  
To mix them with the mighty Mother's joy,

That wept in sun and shadow for the spring.  
And Rose went out into the garden ground,  
And watched the long white seed-plots reappear  
And hoar again the apple branches grow.  
Then thawed the frosts of winter from her heart  
In great glad tears that washed her soul of sin.  
And Nell, who saw, went quietly and laid  
The child within her mother's arms and tears:  
While from the oldest apple-tree a thrush,  
Who there had sung unheard through all one spring,  
Burst into song: and winter passed away.

In London, Nell by chance had met and loved,  
With passion that is as God's breath in life,  
One who had loved her at first sight, but urged  
His suit in vain. For Nell had put aside  
The love of man, save only from her heart:  
Therein she gave God praise for having loved.  
A young man, author and a painter, he  
Whom the girl loved: he knew not of the child.  
For ere they met she had in secret thought  
Planned how to lift her Rose's life from shame.  
Therefore she bade her lover love no more,—  
Breaking her heart to bend it to her will.

Three years the sisters watched their little flower—  
The baby Rose—grow upward in the sun;  
Nor any blight fell on their rosebud's bloom.  
Three years of peace, where striving to forget  
Was all their trouble.

Then an illness came  
Upon the child, who sickened near to death.  
And maid and mother watched with mother's pain

The shadow falling through those days of spring  
 Across a world of sunbeams filled with song.  
 Nell stood one evening, when the light was gone,  
 Alone in anguish by the cottage door,—  
 Her virgin bosom aching for the child.  
 But Rose kept vigil in the room above  
 Beside the little one. The air was calm  
 As all the place was quiet—save the bell  
 That led the sheep, slow grazing, through the night  
 Along the hillsides. Once a bird sang late  
 From out the hazels in the copse behind,  
 Blue-shadowed in dusk mystery; where dreamed  
 Dumb nightingales, who bided there in tryst  
 Against the amorous comings from the south,  
 In patient passion mute. But to the girl  
 The little life was all for her of spring  
 Upon the world in that calm evening close. . .  
 Steps sounded through the briars: and the gate  
 Swung to the entrance of a form her soul,  
 From years' communing in the dark of dream,  
 Had known amid a moonless midnight. Then  
 Ernest, her lover, clasped her hands and called  
 Once, quickly, through the shadows: "Nell! My Nell!"  
 And she for very love's sake in reply:  
 "Oh, Ernest!" and more softly, "Let me bide.  
 It cannot be!"—and fain had told him all.  
 But he, grown hungry through his barren years,  
 Stopped short her words with kisses suddenly,  
 And held her to him so his passion beat  
 Like flame around her senses; and she sighed  
 And lay all subject, broken in his arms. . . .  
 Then like a spirit wailing cried the child.

And to his soul the meaning with the cry  
Sprang from the riddle that had balked his love;  
Nor unrevealed the secret any more,  
When, like a moan, the woman broke from him.  
And Pity bade him question not, though Love  
Beat all his wings to death in wild despair.  
For in her face dumb Misery gone blind  
Stared at him, stricken speechless, reft of sight,  
Of its own self. And he had turned to go  
But that a woman's voice came: "Oh, my child!  
My baby! Oh, my baby!" and he stood,  
Without the door, like one who waits on hope  
Beside the gate of fear. He heard "Good-bye";  
And saw her vanish, whom he late had held,  
Into the house; and then he followed her—  
To stand within the doorway, wondering.  
Then Rose ran down, and saw him standing there,  
Stopped, and stared hard a second, but went on  
About her errand, and returned again  
And passed the stranger, breathless in her haste.  
There, afterwards, that night he heard the tale.  
And Rose within his hands her sister's laid;  
Kissed Nell; and crying softly, left the two  
To make their peace in private, while she sobbed  
And prayed beside her own—child of her sin.  
Wherefrom the Shadow with the morning passed:  
And the child lived, and smiling fell asleep.

When April flushed with coming life of May  
Through all her bosom; while a mist of blue  
Lay, like the vapour of an azure rain  
Dyed deep with heaven, through the oakenshaws,

Copses of hazel, and lush windrows green,  
Nell and her lover made them man and wife,—  
Their home with Rose.

And there for them next year  
A daughter blessed their marriage. And the child  
Grew strongly, hazel-eyed, and large of limb,  
And even as her mother's was her hair  
For darkness. But a second child was dead  
Ere light was ever in its eyes; and Nell  
For long lay feeble,—this in their next year  
Of wedded love that nothing else had marred.

Now little Rose—(the other child a “Nell”)  
With years become a quiet little maid  
Who kept a solemn counsel of her own  
In eyes that grew more serious and dark—  
It seemed had longings for the higher lands,  
And shunned the meadows. So when Nell lay ill  
After her dead-born infant, and they missed—  
One afternoon in autumn—little Rose,  
Her mother sought with Ernest in the hills  
Behind the cottage; and among the thorns—  
Not having found—they went some ways apart  
And called, and searched the thickets, but in vain;  
Until they came together suddenly.  
Then in that moment all the place grew strange,  
The while they stared a space and with soft eyes  
Towards each other: and in Ernest's heart  
He knew a sinful something waking there:  
And Rose broke out in blushes—stammering  
About the child; and frightened at the thing  
Which brought her blushes, turned from him and passed

Out of the thorns, and shuddered as she went.  
And then they found the little maid asleep—  
Upon her mouth the stain of dewberries.

When Nell at last grew into stronger life  
She had been glad to find a way to death;  
For Rose fell ill, and in her illness spoke  
Wild things, in one delirious moment's tongue.  
Of love for Ernest, dark with horror, guilt,  
And such a shame as made her former sin  
Seem venial by contrast. But she nursed  
Her sister back to life, and prayed her own  
Might give her strength to bear the greater wrong  
In silence and in secret. For there came  
A day when in her heart she knew the man  
Who was her husband loved her sister more.  
Nor ever day was wanting now to show  
Some bitter proof that made her long for death  
But for her little daughter's sake.

The two,

After their meeting in the thorns, had strove  
Against the thing with horror. But their blood  
Seemed to have taken up a poison there  
So softly hideous, subtle of desire,—  
Though hard and long they fought it,—that their veins  
Ached ever now to meet there once again  
And see each other stare with guilty eyes,  
Among the shameful trees. But neither spoke  
Of love, but rather kept apart; and both  
Prayed that the woman they had wronged in thought  
Might never guess, nor suffer by their sin.  
Then Rose would take to going there alone;

And Ernest leashed his cravings and remained,  
For all he knew by instinct of her goal.  
And when he went would Rose keep to the house,  
Yet knew the manner of his going there. . . .  
But when the new year bound the wolds with frost  
And silence lay like death among the thorns,  
A man and woman went in there to sin.

From that day onward Nell was stricken down  
Upon a bed she never left alive,  
But lay and waited for the end she knew  
Was coming; but she made no sign she knew  
The other thing. One day she asked her man  
To marry Rose when she was gone. And he,  
His soul 'twixt shame and sorrow racking him,  
Had told her all, but deemed it then more kind  
To hold his peace; save that he would wed Rose  
If so it might be, as she asked.

But Rose,  
The night her sister died, came to the bed  
And lay there like to death herself; until  
A frightful passion of remorse laid hold  
Upon her so she screamed her infamy,—  
In frenzy for forgiveness ere she died.  
And Nell's great heart made answer with a smile—  
Affecting not to understand, and breathed  
But some farewell of whispers to her child  
That slept beside her, and it beat no more. . . .  
Then Ernest kissed his dead wife once, and said:  
“Thank God she never knew!” But Rose was dumb  
Before her sister's silence, and afraid  
So that she dared not kiss her dead, but lay

Prone in a death-watch on the floor all night,  
The while her soul did penance deep in hell.

A year the cottage held them, and apart,  
Nor ever either went among the thorns.  
Then Ernest spoke again what Nell had wished,  
As they walked home together from her grave  
One sabbath morning. All the valley drowsed,—  
It was the hot high noontide of the year,  
When July lays a flame upon the land  
And a blue light comes over bramble leaves  
In the pleached dusks of summer-darkened woods.  
But in her heart were ashes and dull pain  
She knew would leave her never; so she craved  
That year at least might pass ere they were one.

It chanced that Ernest left her after Yule  
To visit London—there on business called.  
And Rose, in afternoon, ere he returned,  
Left the two children playing, and went up  
Into the hills and passed among the thorns;  
Drawn there by sudden impulse, that compelled  
Once more her heart to hearken to the thing  
That cried within her blood. There she sought out  
The thorns that first were witness to her shame;  
Shivered and moaned, and wept her bitter tears,  
And called on her dead sister to forgive;  
Nor in her anguish heeded that the night  
Came swiftly, till the thickets all were dusk.  
And in the dusk a man was watching her,  
Who stepping lightly on the leaves came close,



Then whispered wildly, "Rose!"—so that her heart  
Scarce dared to beat for fear. And then she saw,  
Cried out, and panted, "You!"—then failed of words.  
Elijah Hurst had hidden in the brakes,  
Since the first frost of autumn, many times—  
But sometimes watched the cottage from the hills,  
And there had seen her with the other man.  
His wife had died: and he returned to claim  
The girl his lust had made his in the years  
When they had loved among the thorns. And yet  
The place laid potent hands upon his soul,  
And all his blood was bonds slave to its spell;  
Till passion mixed with madness of such love  
As he had never known in bygone years.  
His face was dark with longing as he told  
The fury that possessed him; punishment  
That had been his for years:—she must forgive,  
And let him right the wrong. And, as she heard  
Him who had made her mother, all her flesh  
Turned to him; but her soul, with loathing fraught,  
Clave to the other, and shrank back in fear  
From the dark eyes that searched it. Then the man,  
Knowing for him were better death than life  
Without her, came to take her in his arms:  
But when he saw her eyes he kept away.  
For Rose saw standing there between the thorns,  
Amid a place of moonbeams, sister Nell;  
And from her tortured senses love of man  
Faded, and left her only with desire  
Of peace with her lost sister. And it seemed  
Nell knew, for of a sudden, wide her arms  
Stretched out towards the living she had loved.

And Rose cried once the dead girl's name, and fell  
Amid the place of moonbeams 'twixt the thorns:  
Or e'er his hand had touched her she had died.

Above the thorns the silent heart of night  
Filled with the white peace of the moon. Below,  
The man knelt, praying softly by the dead;  
And speaking tender words and pitiful  
Himself would answer. But when came a cry  
Upon the hills he rose, and breathing hard,  
Sought for and found the drug wherewith he eased  
The pangs of conscience through the nights of hell  
When Memory went mad along his brain.  
And as he followed her he heard her name  
Cried through the dusks of death, amid the thorns.  
Where Ernest came with lights and found them there.

They laid her by her sister: but the man,  
Self-slain, they buried lonely by the wall.  
And there would little Rose, in after years,  
Come many times; and to the younger child  
Read by the graves; or quietly alone  
Would watch and tend her father's. If her tears  
Fell there, or if she greatly grieved, none knew.  
And some there were who thought she did not grieve.  
And some there were who said the girl was strange  
And not as other maids are. All agreed  
She was a harmless, patient lass enough.

And Ernest took himself another wife,  
But had no children.

Many courted Nell:  
So she at last was wed; and in the vale  
Bore children to her husband.

But for Rose,  
She loved no man, it seemed, or none loved her;  
Though all agreed her harmless lass enough—  
Albeit her mother and her father sinned.  
In which some blamed the woman, some the man.  
But she, who blamed nor dead nor living, grown  
To womanhood, in silence, blamed the thorns.

## To Algernon Charles Swinburne

### I.

This April night that takes into its breath  
The nightingale's first passion, faint and sparse,  
    Surely thy name it saith,  
    Like music in the heath,  
A shining music shaken from the stars !  
    With Song's immortal crown,  
    Though death thy life enthrone,  
To-night my soul would humbly look to thine,  
    Here, where mine eyes looked last upon thine own,  
    Here, where thy feet a thousand times have trod.  
Nor clearer should the starry-circled zone  
Burn, than thy glory, if aught be divine  
    And Love and Truth and Beauty make for God.  
    Shall I not find thee here,  
    Master ? nor know thee near ?  
I feel the fires of heaven on mine eyes :  
    Though dark to mortal sight,  
    The earth-line halves the night,  
I share the endless glory of the skies.  
And seems it me the winds have answer given,  
Blown earthward from behind the stars in heaven.

### 2.

I hear thine echoes round, as though the world  
    Fills her own flight with pæans through the spheres,  
Whilst dying creeds as rotting leaves are swirled  
    Along the dust of the decaying years,  
Till all the tree of Priestcraft's faith be bare

Of fruit or any blossom as of leaves:  
Yea, as a god in whom no man believes  
Shall surely perish, faith shall perish there.  
Before man was were only Truth and Song.  
Yea, singer, seer, and prophet,—Master, thou !  
Who sawest the future clearly come to pass,  
As from some far serene beyond the brow  
Of Morning,—and God mirrored in a glass,  
Wherein are Love and Truth where Fears are now.  
When man at last shall stand forth true and strong  
Of his own spirit, Truth shall right the wrong,  
The light of very God, that Falsehood mars:  
Still shall be heartened April into song,  
And there be heard old music in the stars.

3.

What shall be said of thee, for poets' part  
Of tribute that the world must always owe,  
So long as Thought may burgeon into speech,  
The language lovely from thy long-ago ?  
For me be said:—"Thou didst so do for Art  
What Art herself shall only do for man."  
Whereby The Soul is quick with life to teach.  
To all, her truths of Beauty that express  
The glory of her spirit's loveliness  
Lips breathing baser lifehood never can.  
For thee, no more with blasphemies bedight  
Shall forceful Fraud disguise the beast it is,  
Nor large Untruth add any sun to night  
Or star to day by vaunt of sophistries.  
But Man's own Truth hast clothed with living light  
To justify in song The Harmonies.

One day in his own spirit shall he come  
The sweetlier for thy singing to the gates  
Of Truth's white temple, wherein Manhood waits,  
By orient aisles of Beauty, to his home.  
And that great organ of Time's hemisphere  
Where never wind nor whisper yet has passed  
Shall waken from its silent sleep at last.  
Then shall the people answer:—"Man is here!  
Love, Truth, and Beauty—with nor hope nor fear,  
Nor gains of Gods or Mammon overcast!"

4.

The spirits of all winds and seas and suns,  
The many-throated music made in spring,  
Move in thine own; with that deep chord that runs  
Throughout Time's heart-beats, ever echoing.  
Yea, Master, is such music in thine own,  
That in thy song Time's pulse awakes and falls. . . .  
Or with large sounds of wonder  
Thy words are rolled in thunder  
And boom of breakers on the landward walls. . . .  
Where clanging deep to deep reverberant calls  
And all the mouths of ocean make their moan,  
On seamew pinions glides  
Above the swirl of tides  
Thy singing, as of sea-winds bred and blown.  
Yea, Master, is such music in thine own!

5.

Here where thou wendedst I have oft-times wandered  
When the larks hold their joyous evening choir  
Until the shadow-lengthening day retire

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From off the gorse and broom with gold-dust squandered,  
Nor grudge all hours of light their lilt's refrain;  
Leaving to dark, laments, for Itys slain,  
Of that bright bird thou, living, lovedst so well.  
Alas! now nightingale and lark no more  
Can charm thy heedless ear; or Death restore  
To thee, within thine island tomb, a subtler spell—  
Sea voices on the shore.

6.

*Alas?* Nay! Wherefore shall I weep for thee?  
Who art not for man's tears but for Time's praise:  
Nor shall of man be counted all thy days.  
"O sweet strange elder singer," bear with me!  
I weary, and awhile am fain for rest;  
Oh, lend me of such peace as fills thine own,  
An hour!—then of thy strength to feed my breast  
(That I may stand alone)  
With fire of singing as with fire of flame—  
(I ask but of thy strength, not any fame)  
Some spark of that which dwells about thy name,  
With such a light as burns along the west.  
Once more I wait and watch: the day is gone:  
Comes night, and a great silence o'er the land:  
And down the dusk, like dead leaves blown upon,  
Thy footsteps echo past me as I stand!

7.

Master! I loved thee! Stay . . . ah, hast thou passed  
Into the southward darkness evermore?  
Wilt thou for me wait, even at the last,  
If Death's tide turn to shore?

Yea, thou art gone, and never to return,  
For all my soul to thee for ever yearn,  
For all my soul of thee were fain to learn  
That secret sea-way's lore.  
Is it but sleep unknown of dreams out there  
Where are no stars nor is there any sun ?  
Hast thou found on that flood fall stars more fair—  
Now these of earth are done ?  
Or with some star death-stricken into air  
Perchance thy soul is one ? . . .  
For thee no more shall winter melt in spring,  
Though men should die as larks rise from the heath,  
Singing, with but a more ethereal breath,  
A happier song to suns in holier skies;  
For thee no shrouds shall autumn evenings bring  
When earthly summer dies.

8.

Farewell ! thou art beyond all joy and sorrow.  
Sleep, Master, through the ages, by the sea.  
While Man shall wake at all to any morrow,  
In song for ever shall thy kingdom be. . . .  
*Farewell ?* I feel art near, nor me forsaken !  
Strong beats my blood : the battle bugles sound  
Along the world, till all the night be shaken,  
And Freedom's wings by Fear no more be bound. . . .  
And surely shall of death no man discover  
If in it there be aught, till death befall :  
Life still shall good be found to every lover :  
Unborn shall no man love nor live at all. . . .  
If in all good things love be found the best,  
Shall there be any kinder thing than rest ? . . .



For all in vain we question ! Not more vainly  
 The thrush, his speckled breast inflating, strains  
 With song for him for whom no sound remains.  
 Nay ! were it better, even if more plainly—  
 Knowing the fruits of Life—we saw in Death  
 Strange orchard-lands of unknown blossom, 'neath  
 A changeless sky of light, and always light,  
 Should we not miss the harvest Death debars—  
 The seeds which fruit in strife that makes or mars ?  
 If Death were one long day where is no night,  
 Should we not miss the stars ?

## Shelley :

### A CRITICISM OF A CRITICISM.

They say it: " Beautiful and Ineffectual "—thou.  
Then is the sun all potent save of fire,  
Growth, and the might to swing the spheres and swing  
Through their eternal courses night and day.  
Nor ever sentient things his face behold  
In other wise than rocks do from the hills,  
That greet his coming with insensate calm  
And with dull veins absorb an age of noons,  
Or his death-lights watch drowning on the dark,  
Unmoved to aught but colder silentness,—  
Than streams and waters shrunken at his breath,—  
Than all the hours he kindles that burn down  
In viewless ashes drifted over time.  
Aye, is his beauty then but un beholden  
That permeates all being save of soul;  
Though every evening pool a sunset holds,  
Though trivial things against an evening sky—  
As kites against a sunset—he invests  
With tangible appeal inseparate  
From that supreme abstraction which is Soul,  
For which their muter insignificance  
Is touched to eloquence. And in the lives,  
Separate and individual, of a myriad men  
Shall not thy song be ineffectual—  
To kindle hours in which man sees his soul  
Clothed with an essence other than of life  
Devoted to brute instincts of the blood ?  
For verily was clad with cloud and beams  
Thy singing, and as meteors clothed about

With an ethereal murmur from the stars.  
Shall not the clouds be ineffectual too,  
For drouth and long desire of thirsty lands ?  
Wherein are souls athirst with longings void—  
Seeing that life within the life of flesh  
Wants nothing other than of meat and drink,  
A house wherein to mate in love or lust,  
And temples for the gods that priests have made,  
Fine raiment, and the plaudits of its kind  
For breath whereof it cries: " Behold a man !"  
How many stars have gone to make a man ?  
Shall not the stars be ineffectual too,  
And not their message null and meaningless,  
For all it strive through time to reach a world,  
O singer of the Unity of Things ?

O Song that sang from twilight gulfs in skies,  
Wherethrough came morning ineffectual  
For earth where men lay darkling—darkling lie,  
As early larks to daydawn's audience  
Watching faint stars die on the stage of heaven,  
O singer of a day that is to be !  
O singer of a coming age of Truth !  
When man shall knit his soul to otherwhere  
Than that chimera of a fabled heaven  
Old charlatans, acclaimed God's confidants  
In some hereafter, spread about the world  
And with old ink of blood made mystical  
To catch dull brains as crimson threads do fish.  
Aye, though unto this day Hypocrisy,  
They warn us, is within the wheels of life  
As oil upon hot axles; and that Truth

Long since had left from lubrication dry  
The Man-machine, and every train of gears  
Whereby the social engines of the world  
Drive with their rhythmic motions Change's loom.  
Well may this be where lies for truth are taught;  
Where Might disguised old custom labels Right  
And Mammon fain had kept the people dark  
With creeds and consecrations like a cloud:  
Whereout a Voice, presumptuous like a priest's:—  
"Be patient, O ye people, there is Heaven!"  
Lest through humilities that were his irons  
Man file his way to present liberty.  
Most ineffectual was thy scorn of Faith  
That herded men by ways of hell and heaven,  
O singer of a day that is no more!

Thou shalt not love find ineffectual?  
O flume of song among the floats of God  
That drive the mills of Mingling! to a tune  
Of echoes from the fountain-heads of life—  
Whilst mirrored in thy deeps is face of her,  
Who with soft shining strength doth regulate  
The everlasting impulse of the sea  
And draw fair flesh of woman round to love—  
As ineffectually as thy voice  
Touches the soul of love to tenderness  
Of many-murmured waters and soft sighs  
Swept from some amorous island down the dark.  
The love that men do barter for and buy  
Shall haply cry thee Poet! But the love  
That lives in sun and moonbeams, smiling flowers,  
And all the primal purities of spring;

In passion's purest blossoms of delight—  
Eyes warm with gentle radiance of joy  
And with supreme of tears contentment-glad  
When two hearts beat their pulses into one—  
For thee shall ineffectual be and vain.  
And vain be all that gracious love of friends  
That fain would bind a world with Friendship's bonds:  
Only for Hate thou sangest liberty !

And ineffectual be thy song for her  
Whose name is great among all names that rise  
Star-like upon the heavens—Liberty !  
O Glorious of all constellated kind,  
Whose cradle was the vertebræ of stars !  
All things have growth by virtue of thy will,  
All—motion ! Breath that moves with life  
Planets and dust of pollen in a flower :  
The first foundation of all Law and last :  
Song that was made from silence by a star !  
As little ships seek big ones in the night  
Upon a tideless sea, all lesser gods  
That shall outlast a single night of time  
Shall seek thine oracles ! And there shall come  
The lightnings from thy throne of stars, and flash  
The meaning of thy Meaning through the spheres !  
O Liberty, did Shelley nought for thee ?

Nay, Poet ! By the waves that stopped thy heart,  
By fire that would not burn it, shall thy name  
Be carried—by the wave that is the world,  
Be carried by the fire that is in song !  
Till only Truth, and Liberty, and Love

Shall be the Gods that lend man heart of grace.  
O " Beautiful and Ineffectual " !  
Who soundedst through thy golden harmonies  
The noblest truth the world shall ever hear:—  
Of Progress latent in the human soul;  
That Time's Titanic birth of after years,  
The mighty Mind of Darwin, went to prove  
The fundamental Purpose men call life,—  
The keynote for the orchestra of God.

## The Pilgrim's Way

We wander there on divers days,  
My soul and I, through ways of dream.  
To me its lonely landscapes teem :—  
A very world of Pilgrim's Ways.

Where pilgrim suns their daily arc  
Transfuse with slow transplendency ;  
And to mid-heaven's majesty  
Translate on wings of song the lark.

Or on the downland ridges high  
Pass over silent ones in crowds—  
Majestic, solemn, smiling cloud,ds,  
The mute assemblies of the sky.

Or shouting winds, that stamped the seas  
A little lapse of hours before,  
Rush on, and, tempest-throated, roar  
Through straining cordage of the trees.

Or in some evening-close of calm—  
'Mid thymy places of the chalk  
I feel around their whispered talk,  
Their fragrance, all my soul embalm.

I know there is then that distils,  
From lower things of life, the pure ;  
A blessing strangely sweet as sure—  
A holiness among the hills.

I lose myself in that still air,  
And find in losing such a peace  
That sudden had my ways to cease  
I would that they might finish there;

And be made one with air and earth;  
And mix me with sepulchral chalk,  
And in the life of flower and stalk  
There every spring be brought to birth.

There, though are dreams that fade like stars—  
That, star-like, never wholly fade  
From out the brain—are open laid  
Some dreams that fade more like to scars.

And if to peace, that men have known  
By wondrous ways of wedded love,  
I let a wistful fancy rove  
To find a solace not my own—

'Tis but my faith may falter not  
In Life, where Life is all my faith;  
Nor—if my bridal peace be death—  
My faith before my body rot.

And though I crave a little joy  
Before I last lie down to sleep—  
I did not make my blood to leap  
For sorrow I was born a boy.



There, also, pilgrims oft I meet,  
Long dead who are alive to-day;  
That, thinking on their Pilgrim's Way,  
My dreams stretch out like hands to greet.

Like humble hands grown warm with love  
To give great thanks whene'er we pass:  
I often meet them where the grass  
Is green against the blue above ;

Long hillsides where my fancy lurks  
And wide blue eyes of scabious flowers  
Watch wistfully the skies for hours.  
And there I seem to see their works

Sweep past, as on some mighty wind  
Through all a world of divers lands:  
Spread out, by men of mighty hands,  
The works of men of mighty mind.

And there the men of mighty soul  
Come quietly and stand at gaze,  
And dream at what the distance says,  
And hear a soundless thunder roll.

And glorious there Art's mighty ones  
Stand wrapped in dreams of god-like thought.  
And there in living marble caught  
Shines on the fire of Grecian suns,

To make her deathless meaning plain.  
And holy there Madonnas mild  
From star-like eyes above the child  
Rebuke the baser lusts of men.

And there I see him, where he stands  
Wild-eyed and fearless on the brow.  
It seems he waits in tryst. And now  
Another comes and takes his hands

Across the ways of life and death.  
And with a cry from out the stars  
I hear arraigned before the bars  
Of Truth and Man the God of Faith.

And then an awful silence falls.  
The soundless Voice of God is heard.  
And God has spoken, and His Word  
Is—TRUTH. And from the judgment-halls

The two great brother-singers come.  
And Shelley Swinburne's hand again  
Holds, saying: "Brother, not in vain  
We sang to strike the liar dumb."

And he who lately went from us  
Turns with calm light about his eyes.  
And thus they pass towards the skies.  
Yea, there in dreams I saw them thus.

And as they fade amid the blue  
A star of streaming song-cloud floats  
Above and rains its radiant notes:  
And with the lark they pass from view

Above. Before me, as they pass,  
Goes by, below, a little breath  
Of dust, and wastes amid the heath  
And vanishes among the grass

Below. Forgotten dust that screamed  
Its little spite and hates and fears:  
Forgotten of men's eyes and ears  
As gods whose lips with lies were seamed.

And there, his eyes a starry mist,  
The great white one hangs bloody-browed,  
With all the anguish of him loud—  
The blasphemy of men and Christ.

That sin of thine, O Nazarene ?  
Hast cleansed thyself with bloody sweat ?  
Has not enough been poured out yet  
To keep thy tree's roots wholly green ?

And yet there is much more of love,  
Than lies, about thee, Nazarene !  
I often see thee when the green  
Grows dark against the blue above.

Much love, as hate in them who go  
About thee in thy naked shame,  
And to the murder of thy name  
Have sung thy praises high and low.

As, mouthing Christ, they crucify,  
On myriad crosses wrought of gold,  
The wretched sheep who seek thy fold  
And find salvation—when they die.

How long, O Christ, shall this be well ?  
For all thy blood and tears and ruth,  
Till man shall worship but the truth.  
In vain the truth *thou* hadst to tell.

Till man shall see them what they are  
Who make thy promise but a cloak  
Above the laboured breath they choke,  
Shalt thou be these things' avatar.

E'en yet Religion's large pretence  
Would put the robes of heaven on  
Authority's putrescent sun—  
That fen-fire lamp of impudence.

E'en yet shall souls of men be slaves  
By priestly bribe or patient fear ? . . .  
Christ, *wouldst* thou have thy kingdom here  
Fall down into the dust of graves ?

Would that she held more truth of thee  
Though all earth's skies were always blue !  
But now The Bible's truth is too  
The liar's apt apology.

These things, O Christ, be said of me.  
(As one who wrought with hands and brain  
Along the toiling ways of men)  
Leave but the lie nailed to the tree.

Come down, and be a man, and win  
A place no smaller soul can reach ;  
Acclaimed as first of all who teach,  
Who loved the sinner, hating sin.

Unless be Manhood only man  
By virtues born of beak and claw,—  
Him greatest with the largest maw  
Since pterodactyl-truths began.

Come down, and see thy kingdom come !  
Yet may it hap till Toil has burst  
The throats of Greed grown Godhead first  
That Hate's high-priest be stricken dumb ?

I have no head, for thee as God,  
To bow; nor make I any prayer.  
But, did I see thee standing there,  
True priest of true men's-brotherhood,

I would kneel down and humbly pray  
To thee to teach me what might serve—  
Some work of mine men's hearts to nerve  
Along some future Pilgrim's Way.

Some song that might refresh the root  
For flowers of Manhood truth shall breed,  
Ere men no more with golden seed  
Furrow the matrix of the brute.

I see man's temples on the plains;  
Upon the hills his temples are:  
I often see there from afar  
The wind catch fire upon their vanes.

And some have spires and some have none.  
But all are wrought of men to prove  
The God of Hell the God of Love.  
They built them theirs in Babylon.

Men say more glorious there they built.  
I have no doubt they built them well,  
The God of Love the God of Hell  
To prove, and proved him to the hilt.

But these be wise men. Poets fools  
Have been acclaimed since fools began.  
I know myself a foolish man,  
And, in a land where Mammon rules,

Am glad to find some place of flowers,  
Where wild bees come and murmuring climb  
With honeyed song among the thyme:  
I love to watch them, hours on hours,

And sit with them, and ponder there.  
And, as was ever with such fools,  
I wonder *why* that Mammon rules  
A land grown wise and old in prayer.

And there on hopeless pilgrimage  
A woman's shape of Hunger goes:  
For apes within a cage of clothes  
A money-monger clears a stage.

And thinking thus, I wonder *why*  
That Mammon rules: and then I know  
Religion's cloud will have to go  
From off the earth—when off the sky.

No pictures of Eternal Bliss  
May longer patient keep the poor:  
Truth drives dishonoured from her door  
The trickster-god of centuries.

I see The Unborn criticise  
The Pilgrim's Ways whereby we passed.  
“*The deaths*” (they slowly say at last)  
“*Of Gods and Mammon synchronise.*”

And fraught with passion pure above  
The lust of loves that harlots' are  
The Future stands for avatar  
To glorify the sex of love.

I doubt ideals of sexless love  
Be other than Perversion bears:  
Not by that Pilgrim's Way the years  
To future-far horizons move.

But rather, somewhere down the past,  
A road there was for Two in One—  
A lonely Thing that saw the sun,  
One day, another shadow cast.

'Tis not my fancy but has guessed,  
In idle moments, idle things;  
The thought about my bosom clings  
Whene'er I look upon my breast.

And that same sun—who witness bore  
To wondrous workings time has known  
In sex some other than my own—  
Confirms Duality the more.

Who says, no more the years divide  
That sex in twain that was the One,  
Unseals the silence of the sun  
To warn a world of men he lied.



But neither now is her distress  
Good reason that his strength is more,  
Whose strength though multiplied a score  
Had hardly made the mammoth's less.

The mammoth and his might are dust  
Beneath some fallen forest's own :  
I hear a holier trumpet blown ;  
And love is lovelier for its lust.

I see the Woman stand at last—  
An equal Soul with Man's to save :  
Life makes them equal as the grave—  
Since clouds of cant are overpast.

Yes, as I sit and ponder there,  
These things before my vision rise :  
I feel such wonder through my eyes  
I doubt if more they well could bear.

But, as with fools, I wander off  
On wild bees' wings by Fancy lent,  
To damp waste places dusk with mint  
And all the green delights thereof.

And drink their fragrance deep: or cull  
A moral from the musk-rose bloom:—  
That, though life's end should be a tomb,  
The world is very beautiful.

With Beauty which for ever lives  
From starry things to things of earth:  
Some deem it but of little worth;  
And see in sunsets—*adjectives*.

On wild bees' wings along the downs,  
Through ferny hollows dark with pine  
And places sweet with wild woodbine,  
That many a bramble bosket crowns.

Cool coverts carpeted with green  
Where primrose lights of spring had shone.  
The hazels whisper, "On, and on!"  
Some pilgrim loitered there, I ween.

The forebears of those trees a staff  
Perhaps provided. Or to rest  
He sank, and finished there his quest.  
Belike they speak his epitaph.

On wild bees' wings among the fern;  
And watch green lizards in the sun  
Like flames of emerald wild-fire run;  
And on again, and then discern

Winged fairy flakes of moonlight-blue—  
The butterfly of chalky hills;  
Whose joyous agitation fills  
The noonday night of some old yew.

Though under heavier skies my home,  
Far off that Pilgrim's Way I sing,  
I know that as I write the Spring  
Is moving there; and long to roam.

Through ways of dream my soul and I  
Go out to where the feet of her,  
To Kentish fane from Winchester,  
Along the Pilgrim's Way go by.

Feet pacing slow as yet, but strong;  
Soft feet and bright with shine of showers;  
Light footsteps leaving prints of flowers  
And echoes that break into song.

Now, veiled with nights of starry tone,  
The world's great lovers come, and meet  
And kiss. I hear their pulses beat  
The patterns of their blood to one.

And hasting, southward set my face  
To where the cloudy hills are dim.  
And as I go I make a hymn,  
And sing it in some lonely place

When that old road I strike once more.  
Yea, all my heart is full with thanks.  
And there I meet them, ranks on ranks,  
The pilgrims I have met of yore.

I meet them . . . all ? It matters not  
That one, my boon-companion there,  
Comes nowise now : when days are fair  
There comes a silence in my throat.

Sometimes. . . . It matters not. Above  
His throat is filled with song : he sings  
On mortal, of immortal, wings,  
And all the Pilgrim's Ways of love.

And there I see a Woman kneel,  
A child's face there among the shades;  
That dream, alas, that dream-like fades—  
The unborn child some women feel.

I watch the slow earth-children climb  
The tree of life towards the star.  
By Pilgrim's Ways that Women are  
I see them scale the heights of Time.

The love we bear our Motherland,  
In holier pulses of the blood—  
The glorious love of Motherhood,  
The easier there I understand.

Yes, as I write, out there I know  
The Spring moves with soft feet of her,  
From Kentish fane to Winchester.  
I hear her footsteps, and I go.

## Blame Thou not Love!

Blame thou not Love, if, blinded of the stars,  
Thou wast more tender than the world allows—  
Grown old, in growing wise.  
Nor deem true wisdom every compact bars  
Between Love's lips and longings, save with vows  
Might barter-men devise.  
Blame thou not Love, if he whom thou didst call  
"Lover," as women speak to silence shame,  
Loved thee in spring and left thee ere the fall:  
The blame were thine or his, not Love's the blame!

Blame thou not Love, should passion maze thy soul  
With stormy splendours over day and night,  
Or visions of inviolable peace,  
Wherein, by grace of Him, might'st make thee whole  
When gracious arms have drawn thee through delight  
Of His last ecstasies.  
Though one with dreams that die from lack of life  
She, whom thy votive dreamings made, becomes;  
Though thou shouldst live to learn thy hero's wife  
Is mated to a many martyrdoms;—

If these things come upon thee, blame not Love!  
But taking thought take comfort. Wherefore, kneel  
The while some shadow saith  
A few small words the quiet wings above,  
That never more Empyrean pulse may feel.  
*"Love led himself to death."*

Belike, or, "*Sunfire smote him through the head,  
As one that lived intolerable days,  
Whose nights had drawn him Godward. He is dead.*" . . .  
But one smooth white wing-feather ! . . . Go your ways.

But one smooth white wing-feather ? Yea, and this,  
Haply, amid your bosom evermore,—  
It once beat nigh to God.  
Sometime, long after sunset's harmonies  
Have hushed themselves to sleep along the shore,  
Go out there, softly shod.  
And standing, fling your feather on the tide;  
And the wan white foam-water shall conceal  
That last of Him for ever, or decide  
If it be such all ocean may not steal.

And if it be ? Or hate, or scorn, or worst  
Of all things left from love—indifference,  
One sharp short breathing-space  
Shall leave you lovers; and the dark shall burst  
Amid the matrix of the night's immense  
So shall come forth such face  
As once with lovers' eyes ye saw grow dear  
Beyond all other faces. So shall come  
Forgotten hungers harshly on you there,  
Old tenderness grown grievous. . . . Get ye home !

If these things come upon thee, blame not Love !  
Say rather, Life without Him would be less

Than such as brutes may breed.  
Who once hath loved hath lived all else above  
Less liberal lusts may glean from selfishness,  
Whereon doth hatred feed.  
Whoe'er have loved ! Give thanks, though it be done,  
Yet stay not over-long beneath the stars :  
Make ye your match with Memory in the sun,  
Lest in the night he take you unawares !

## March

The magic of March is upon me, a sense of the world  
Astrive in the sap of the limbs of the striving trees.  
Shining arms of the wind with a shout are about me  
    curled.

Sunbeams lighten the flowers for beginning bees.  
The primrose touches my sight as though 'twere a tender  
    place

Where the nerves of the soul respond to the hand of tears  
When joy is a thing grown dim in the eyes, as a longed-for  
    face,

Come from the dark, redeems the sorrow of sunless years.  
Is it rain in their dewy depths where the eyes of the violet  
Glow deep with delight and leaves ? or is it my own are  
    wet ?

O glorious wild glad thing  
Gone into my blood to-day,  
Where glammers of gold that swing  
From heaven's high arch of grey  
And under each tasselled spray  
Are making their magic good. . . .  
The air it is as a flood  
That mirrors the moving sky.  
And fleets of the clouds go by  
Whilst wonderment they unload :  
I breathe, and they fill my blood  
With silence, and haste away.  
Or joy that is grave and gay  
Comes on as I breathe again,  
Shadow and shine of rain,



Laughter and loud caress  
From mouths of the winds that press  
The print of their singing way  
All over earth's nakedness.  
The heights of thy maddest mood  
Methinks I had understood  
The hardlier were it less—  
That depth of thy tenderness,  
Where hazels are whispering  
And the grey oak trunk and the green  
Stand over the celandine  
And watch all the waking wood.

O March, thou art made as man !—  
As a man that lives  
For a passionate quest through a world that is made with  
strife.  
I have heard thee speak "*Alone*" as only a human can;  
And the sound of thy searching gives  
The hint of an echo that hides in the breasts and the hair  
of a wife.  
As a man thou art become, O March, and human,  
That all day long dost search the wolds and hills !  
Where there are primroses and daffodils  
Thou goest like a lover for her sake :  
Thou wouldst be fierce and tender in the brake.  
Thou art as man, and April is thy woman !

## A Garden in the Fields

Outside, the unmown meadows are that gleam  
With all their white-and-golden margarets;  
As though some ploughing of the starry team  
Gave earth another Galaxy, that sets  
When the scythe comes, and no man quite forgets  
Who once was child though gone be grace of dream. . . .  
When the stars go, how the stars shine,  
None may, who may forget all else divine.

With all the sweets of scent and sound she wears,  
When bees' wings move in her wide honeyed zone  
To one soft song, the lime-tree shades and shares  
This rose-garden's full fragrance with her own.—  
As fragrant as are roses kissed upon  
By Evening's amours under early stars  
Her shadows are. . . . They seem to keep  
In their green dusk a sense of things asleep.

## In Medias Res

Along the grass  
Below dark beeches russet-stained with fruit  
Dank bindweeds pass,  
Where but for sound of myriad flies are mute  
The brakes of shining privet, sickly sweet  
From half white blossoms over-blown:  
The scattered fallen fragrance round their feet  
Still breathes of rain that bruised and beat them down.  
But in the privet boughs  
No bird to-day dares to be amorous,  
While glooms with their grey faces watch his house.

Midsummer here makes manifest her grief  
Bereft of him and in the midst of things—  
Nay, Love himself hides fearful like a thief,  
Somewhere, with frightened plumage on his wings.

When, like a clarion through those ash-trees, hark!—  
The thrush confirms his tenure and his love.  
The shadow on the woods yields up its dark  
With half reluctant haste to beams above.  
The sun smiles: and a wind grown warm and glad  
Goes by, and there is that within its tune  
Whereof the world takes comfort being mad  
With God's insanity of summer noon.

## In Autumn

I see the sun grow old,  
Grow grey and old, and, full of quiet, creep  
From the still slopes and chasmed ways of clouds  
That fill the frontiers of his place of sleep:—  
Wan suns, that bleach the shadows cast  
On stubble-fields all day with mist of gold,  
Where evenings—each one earlier than the last—  
From golden mist prepare their paler shrouds.  
As nightfall gathers stars with viewless hand,  
So death goes wide and gathers in the dusks:  
The sharp white breath of morning on the land  
Gleams whiter for the empty chestnut husks.

## Wood-Sorrel

Though purple Pasque and white anemone  
Unfold their trembling stars to April skies,  
That sensitive soft closure of thine eyes—  
Is it not well with thee ?

Haply the dark doth weigh upon thy joy ?  
Rain and the night,—with these, as one afraid,  
Thou dost thy simple artifice employ,  
Wild Wood-Sorrel, small shamrock of the shade.

Wild Wood-Sorrel, O wild white Wood-Sorrel !  
O triple-heart of lovely little leaves !  
That draws mine own heart so my memory cleaves  
To thee, where thou dost dwell.

Hazels are all about thee filled with song;  
And freshly fair as their bright burgeoning,  
On beautiful broad pinions drives along  
The yellow Brimstone butterfly of Spring.

## To Germany, in Her Progress towards Socialism

From out the hills of India the seed of humankind  
Went wandering across a western world;  
Till they cleansed them and their faces from the darks  
they left behind  
As the west winds' brighter breath about them curled.  
For the sense of things was coming to a planet that had swung  
Through old ages but a shape of singing flame.  
And the womb of earth conceived again, and born of her  
there sprung  
Fresh fruit of primal Purpose: and her name  
Was Liberty—the first of names to be,  
Though as yet for little else than noumenon—  
Blind as yet and knowing little but the instinct to be free:  
In her soul the endless calling of some everlasting sea—  
As the Volga and the Danube felt their passion's mystery  
And the twins of one white bosom, Rhine and Rhone.

Though the rages of the jungle ran as ravin in their blood;  
Though the tiger was tenacious of his lust;  
Though their eyes shone bale and murder; though their  
souls were unsubdued,  
Save of death and many women, as their dust;  
Though they wrested and they ravished so to glut them  
was to live  
Such as life found only good, nor made them laws  
Where all law was but The Strongest's, Love at last there  
came to give  
Men to Manhood, and the tiger shed his claws.

And they went upon the mountains and the plains,  
And in long-forgotten forests made their home.  
And the Roman found them stronger than the strongest  
of his chains,  
For they carried seed of Liberty like passion in their  
reins.  
And the Roman spake it of them, and the thing he spake  
remains—  
That their women were a pattern unto Rome.

And the ages passing slowly saw the later Cæsars  
rise:  
And the tyranny of later Rome began;  
Till was humbled there a continent about the feet of  
Lies:  
But Germany was waiting with the man.  
And the voice of Luther thundered; and although they  
sought to burn,  
Poison, torture, maim, and murder, as they might,  
Mostly in the south they did it, northward men began to  
turn  
To the first far beams of morning from the night.  
England's Channel and the German Ocean saw  
God's great mercy manifested on his priests,  
Till the whole Armada vanished in his mercy and the  
maw  
Of the seas that sucked up Spain and leapt with mercy's  
iron paw  
On her warships and them mangled, as with mercy tooth  
and claw  
A tiger tears his victims at his feasts.

Shall our England's Newton nothing owe thy Kepler,  
Germany,—

They who tireless tracked the secrets of a star ?  
Or thy galaxies of Science that shall light the world to be  
Darken at the isle where Darwin's ashes are ?  
Shall blood-brotherhood be broken that has drawn Religion's fangs

And sterilized the poison-pest of popes ?  
Comes a day when Truth for manhood like a star in heaven hangs

And the Peoples by her aid shall find their hopes.  
Shall be known then, undisguised of gold or priest,  
Gods that scorned him, helping Mammon in his needs.  
Though a score of Christian Kaisers yet may clench a mailed fist

And with mighty abnegation make appeal to Jesus Christ,  
For whose teaching, but for priests and kings, might now be socialist

All the lands to which the star of Freedom leads.

Shall not England then acclaim thee ? With a song  
across the waves

Shall our Motherland not greet thy Fatherland ?  
Shall their children bow for ever down to Mammon like to slaves ?

War, upon their foreheads, Cain-like, set its brand ?  
Though of surety shall men strive still, when is gold but only gold,

When are gods and kings forgotten as its power,  
Man shall strive for other freedom than of guilt Oppression's mould—

On their god and gold alike shall come his hour.



And the time shall be passed over when he thrives  
Who is only lord of others' poverty;  
Till is war but only murder done on inoffensive lives;  
As the day is passed when white men needs must murder  
for their wives,—  
As the day when man for holiness need cut themselves with  
knives.  
O Germany ! A welcome unto thee !

## Before Daybreak

Dream-voices called me,—when the night was late,—  
Ere yet the skies held but a single star.  
My soul crept darkling out by slumber's gate  
To where the sea-banks of the morning are.

To coasts of cloud, where like a falling sea  
Night with her winds and stars draws off from day  
Into deep waters of Infinity,  
My soul by leaguered shadows found a way.

The draining sea-ways of the dark were filled  
With gleam of sullen stars; a clanging wind  
Far out was moving; nearer, echo shrilled  
As from shrunk throats by passing passion thinned.

There crouched my soul, as one who by a tide,  
In lonely and waste lands where Death is king,  
Keeps mournful watch with ghosts of them who died  
Baffled of love and life and everything.

Around, spent waters of the night went past—  
Slow eddies thick with sands of time and storms,  
Where shapes obscene their horrid shadows cast  
Like shardbourne things begot from huge sea-worms.

Then seemed it me that Change, her mighty womb  
Aborting from the myriad growth of years,  
Shuddered; and issued thence, as from a tomb,  
Pale memories of old Pain grown blind in tears.

Grown blind in watching for defeated dawn,  
Grown blind of tears till quenched all light within,—  
Starved sightless eyes that stared where ever yawn  
The grey abysses that are sorrow's kin.

Came others then, who soothed them with strange gods,  
And pictured heavens of eternal calm;  
Pitied, and mocked, their blindness; beat with rods;  
And to bruised mouths held bloody sweat for balm.

These crowned and robed with signs of Hatred were—  
Incestuous Hate, in vesture gilded o'er,  
That Avarice and Tyranny from Fear  
Inherit as their birthright evermore.

From far among blue twilight wastes of time,  
Where man's first-fruits had soul for aftermath,  
Came those who watched it struggle from the slime,—  
Red-reaping went and shouting, "God is Wrath!"

Then like some ghastly phantasm that Guilt  
Weaves through her thoughts with her own stained  
hands  
Rose vapours thick with blood fumes priests had spilt,  
Wherein the divers godheads choked the lands.

And sinful flesh had priestly purge for leaven:  
So only man could hope to move his God  
Where burst his soul 'mid flames and shrieks to heaven,  
Or quenched his shrieks and sins were in his blood.

Then one came from a city Nazareth,—  
A mild man teaching; children at His side.  
“Love one another. God is Love,” He saith.  
And Him they hated and they crucified.

And ever grew the sun-obscuring blight  
Of altar smoke pontifical and reek:  
Wars, and men shouting; battlefields at night,  
And priests and spoilers searching cheek by cheek.

With fiercer flames of her own impious Hell  
From blasphemous blown breath of priestly liars  
The murder-lust of Rome with whine and yell  
Sprang up; and beasts like priests went lighting fires.

Truth outraged saw her tortured children slain  
And Falsehood's bastard brood grow sleek and thrive;  
Saw Bruno's brave strong spirit slip its chain,  
Undaunted though his body burnt alive.

And Priestcraft leagued with Kingcraft how to bind  
The people soul and body like to slaves;  
Teaching to bear all burdens was to find  
God's grace and true salvation—IN THEIR GRAVES.

. . . . .

O Soul of Man, unbroken of the years !  
It was for this that Truth a star should weigh ?  
That gods like these should fill the night with fears  
And put back heaven from an earthly day ?

Save one word, "TRUTH," what word has any God ?  
All else is dark as starless midnight's breasts.  
While Immortality is Mammon's rod  
There is no blasphemy like that of priests.

Now make they moan for fear the people see;  
O Soul of Man ! heed not the liar's ruth,—  
The hoary lies of grey senility  
Still masquerading in the guise of truth.

The bait of hopes that led to Mammon's lure—  
At last the long conspiracy is done !  
O Soul of Man ! fear nothing—day is sure :  
Truth, dawn-discovered, rises with the sun !

Arise ! The word is clarioned like the morn !  
And east and west dissilient darks divide !  
Shall future ages name it sluggard-born  
That Swinburne waked with singing ere he died ?

If these things be not, Soul of Man, in thee—  
Shall there be any in thee called sublime ?  
Nay, life and manhood are but mockery,  
And history—a shambles and a crime !

## Cupido Mundi

Ye have made me a thing for scorn—ye who claim to be  
children of God !

God of all things in all lands and in all of the waters of  
earth !

For behold, my name on your lips is as dust of the earth ye  
have trod—

I who have quickened a world with the infinite wonder of  
birth !

I am fit for a harlot's spoil, for a pander's greed—

Such priests have ye given me : I have given ye life.

Stews for my temples, I, and scorn for a place in your creed—

I, without whom had been nor marriage of man or wife.

Who hath given ye life but I—His will and His breath ?

Ye who have found life good ! wherefore the finger of  
scorn ?

Is it infinite peace ye crave ?—the guerdon of death ?

Through me ye have found and shall find, for of me ye are  
born.

Not in the likeness of day, with the eyes of the morn,

But as a starless night is, blind as the sneer beneath—

So have ye graven my image, with dead leaves and dust for  
a wreath !

So have ye fashioned me, so ! and your scorn I requite with  
a rod,

A scourge from my garland of shame, I healer eternal of  
dearth !

Who quicken the world with the life and the infinite  
wonder of God—

So have ye fashioned me, so ! even Lust who have given ye  
birth.

## Sensations in Solitude

Nature, is it well ?  
I long have loved thee ! In thine every mood  
When thou hast spoken I have understood.  
Why art thou so intolerable become ?  
Loose me, I say, and let my spirit home !  
Loose me in this vague lapse, this last of light  
Ere stars are born from bridal-beds of Night,  
And let me find such solace as the trees  
Have in the dusk embraces of the breeze.  
Their murmurs of mysterious meanings hide  
The amorous ache of lovers side by side;  
Whose twilight talk is commune far above,  
Yea, deeper down than language goes for love. . . .  
Of love, that lives unutterable things,  
Become articulate on muted strings  
Of dumb desire, that reft of speech awakes  
To murmur and to marvel how it aches  
Only, and find no use in any word  
E'en ears of two-fold tenderness have heard. . . .

Dreadful the dusk grows, and with veiled delight  
Somewhere, that hides amid the Infinite,  
As deeper stars, of what I may not see  
Yet must I feel wring all the roots of me. . . .  
What art thou now that comes, that sighest so ?  
Didst thou and I love in some Long-Ago ?  
And now, a ghost, dost haunt the glooming wind  
At evening, for thy penance where we sinned  
In loving by too little or too much ?  
Is mine to live whilst Memory hints at such

Across a tomb of far-forgotten years  
That shine and darken down my soul as tears ?  
My doom to dream; and thine to drift, aloud  
For me with Longing, like yon evening cloud ?  
Did I do wrong upon thee in the days  
We met among some fallen forest's ways,  
Thou loving where I lusted ? Womanwise—  
Since seldom man for strength of loving vies  
With woman—dost thou strive to get to me,  
For that we two were lovers Destiny  
Destroyed of swift snake-poison ere we died,  
Or of hate's twin-born serpent-sister, pride,  
Who fain would kiss forgiveness once, and cease  
Where passion comes not ever, only peace ?  
Dost thou so strive, to shame me, sighing thus  
About some twilight of Love's ambitus ?  
Am I *the tomb* ?—to which hast striven long,  
Self-shameful, as are women that do wrong  
On Love, God's supreme godhead. Am I him  
Thou didst go hate—for jealousy, or whim  
Of vanity, or sake of spite's revenge,  
Those petty powers that bid some women range  
To do obedient all their hests on her  
Who builds of her own hands love's sepulchre ?  
Speak ! Whosoe'er thou art ! I too have sinned,  
It maybe I have suffered. . . . Hath the wind,  
That it should whisper darkling down to death ?  
All Sorrow might have spoken things it saith. . . .  
Hath it no wistful wisdom, nought of speech  
For memory, save such as ruins teach  
By silent stones and stony silentness,—  
No love that is in longing, to express ?



No tender truth at Twilight-tide, to move  
The soul of man to deeper things of love ?

To all this place of shadows, comes no sigh  
Breathed forth for pain of pent-up passion, nigh  
To swoon from its own long desire and need ?  
Of these things takes the Nightfall never heed  
In all her voices heard in wind or tree ?  
All ye who may lie lonely, answer me. . . .

High meadow-grasses, mourning down the darks,  
Hold Song asleep within their latent larks  
Adream of dawn's delirious climb through gates  
Of dewy daylight, dearer for their mates  
That sent them skyward singing. . . . May the soul  
Whose wings are fed of earth, by love's control  
Fare forth to find a heaven, but the one  
Whose wings are weary ere the day begun  
Lets light upon its lack of love, fare forth  
Nowise, though it be night upon the earth ?  
Nor whisper where a bird may sing ? nor find  
Some answer ever spake along the wind ? . . .

Hush ! O'er yon elm that stands and sways alone  
The cloud seems thinner so the stars are blown  
Faintly above his brooding shape, that yields  
Slow arms to Night among the dreaming fields. . . .  
And like a sound a night-swallow went past,  
To lead man out of loneliness at last.

## By Sleeping Waters

To-day no winds come here.  
All Crummock Water feels a trance  
On her dark breathless bosom clear.  
No longer do white sunfires dance  
In fairy fleets and one by one

On Buttermere.

Upon the world the might  
Of Midsummer its magic has begun:  
And every mountain height  
Seems to grow quieter in the sun's sight;  
And all things to grow smaller in the sun.

## The Wanderer

All you who needs must hearken ! this is good :—  
Wind on the hills; and in the valleys, calm;  
And sunsets like a sadness in the blood,  
Albeit with wondrous power of peace for balm;  
And shining on its endless period  
The starry Plough within the grip of God;  
And the larks' evening hymn and morning psalm.

## A Fool's Dream

I saw a man amid a place of stones  
Who built a house of dust to dwell therein;  
Who, when the wind unbuilt it, in loud tones  
Cursed, and another straightway did begin.

And others of his kind to ease their ruth  
Were greatly busy in this wise:—  
They gathered stones: I saw an altar rise;  
Wherefrom one shouted, " This alone is sooth.  
Beware, the transitory dust of Truth !  
Behold, the holiness of **Compromise !**"

## Evening : Wimbledon

Blue-shouldered birds that sit and scream in woods,  
That haunt the passing splendour on slow wings  
And speed the falling leaf with sudden cries:—  
These—and the wind in low autumnal moods;  
Where April's choir of wilding joyance sings  
When loom-gales deck the skies.

No other sound: no footfall: the green grass  
Gathers the dropping acorns one by one  
The jays grow greedy over, gliding down.  
And where the smiling white may-blossom was  
Gloom, heavy hearted, in a solemn sun  
Old thorn-brakes bloody-brown.

Swart bracken and the brambles' spotted death  
Fill the fast flagging footsteps of the year.  
The poplar has divested her of woe.  
And all her spire the wind fills with his breath:—  
He that sang Love all day, when leaves were near,  
Sings now of Long-Ago.

That bluest of green trees, her sister dark,  
No more now borrows dye from azure heaven  
To paint her rustling vestures verdurous,  
But quietly her limbs are motioned stark:  
Where thrushes founded fanes of song at even  
Stars find an empty house.

The birch strews every hollow deep with gold  
And braids the twilight softly in her hair;  
Nor no man comes to mark her lovely loss,  
Though in the dusk her beauties yet unfold—  
(And in the dusk her limbs are very fair)  
Seven miles from—*Charing Cross*.

## Mood-Magic

As I walked into an April wind  
I felt her hair around me roll.  
In eyes waxed full of an April mind  
I saw my footsteps fill behind  
With secret of my goal.

Yet no one followed ! I found her there,  
And led thereto by a wind-blown Word.  
I did not dream she could be so fair !  
Against brown bracken her leaping hair  
Was fire—but fire unheard.

The place was . . . just as the place had been:—  
The blue sky and the long brown hill;  
White flicker of flame on the dark bright green,—  
The hollies her secret share between. . . .  
If ever she *was*—they will.

## Mickleham Downs

Mickleham Downs ! Mickleham Downs !  
What is *it* that thy beeches hide ?  
The stoat skims over thy blown hillside ;  
He stands and stares at me.  
Pixie rings, shadowy things,  
Sound of a far-off sea. . . .  
And it rises and falls and drowns  
In the voices of wind and tree  
As I lie and listen :—They ride ! they ride !  
Fleet-foot horses that long since died. . . .  
What shall be said of thee ?



## A Ballad of Hell

The Hell of Priests.—A thing for scorn of men,  
And for the hearts of little children, fear.  
A lure obscene to bait the traps of Faith,  
Where bloody reek of dead men done to death  
Cries yet to man for vengeance, drawing near—  
When Truth shall cleanse the world of creeds again,  
And all their impious calumnies that sere  
The unctuous lips of priests with lying breath,  
Grown slanderous professing to revere.  
A god whose love is half a hatred fell:—  
This is the burden of an earthly Hell.

The Hell of Harlots.—Deeper none than this  
For those who, having loved, have sunk to shame—  
Who, having once known heaven, from a pit  
Through nights and days must see the stars of it  
And feel the more their darkness, as their name:  
Whose lips have known, and sold love with a kiss:  
Who have bought gold to gild their body's blame:  
Who needs must hear the Thing of spotted feet,  
Where livid shadows of corruption flame,  
That waits for women having love to sell:—  
This is the burden of an earthly Hell.

The Hell of Drunkards.—Freedom of a slave  
With thirst for master, free to feed on fire  
And to drink poison, till for poison yearn  
The sense and soul, till blood to craving turn  
And fill the veins with loathing and desire:

To pluck with palsied hands from manhood's grave  
The bittersweet of memories and the brier:  
To drain the dregs of dust from dead hope's urn  
And mix with madness maudlin tears and mire.  
To laugh, and hear the echoes of a knell:—  
This is the burden of an earthly Hell.

The Hell of Lust.—Here is the suicide  
Of gifts, God-given antidote of dearth;  
Soul slain of self, and body dirt defiled  
In dying, leaving torture for a child—  
The blossom withered to the blight of birth.  
The eyes of little children crucified  
With pain and punishment to mock their mirth  
That once have looked upon him so, and *smiled*,  
Shall haunt him till his own have closed on earth  
Who enters here—he surely so shall tell:—  
This is the burden of an earthly Hell.

## A Southdown Sunday

The green great ridges under skies of cloud:  
White scars of chalk: and sheep-bells in the hills.  
Where from dusk juniper the storm-cocks crowed—  
In all a combe no latent thrush is loud.  
The sabbath silence fills  
A village. And the climbing road above,  
Where scabious flowers fringe its narrow cleft,  
—Save only where the murmuring beeches move—  
Was not more quiet when the Roman left.

The song of grassy places thick with thyme  
In the warm fragrance of the middle year,  
When all the sounds of summer seem to rhyme.  
The clematis among the dogwoods climb—  
The Traveller's Joy is here.  
And here for Life's wayfarers there is balm,  
Wild marjoram, and drowsy bees there by. . . .  
Here the high hills hold a communion calm  
With all the silent concourse of the sky.

## White Witchcraft

Her hair is fragrant as the musk  
Of garden evenings, when the lark  
Is down and God is good to men in dreams.  
When cherry orchards pale the dusk  
And sheeted bloom-ghosts haunt the dark  
Oft have I seen her silent over streams.

If in the meadow water-ways  
She hides herself, or if she be  
At all, I know not: but I think more fair  
She grows now than in boyhood's days.  
Hush, 'twixt that poplar and the tree  
All blossom! No? . . . But bitter-sweet grew there.

## Moods at May-Dawn

I waked as one who on the shores of sleep  
Has heard afar his pulses' quiet tune,  
When in his veins the night has flowed along  
To echoes light as those perchance the deep  
Hears only from the footsteps of the moon.  
Then suddenly there mounts a wave of-song,  
And makes it morning: so it was begun  
For me, that music made before the sun. . . .  
The night it was when April is away  
Ere the dawn kindles in the eyes of May.

Thereat I rose. And drifting down the world  
With twilight foam about the white gean trees  
I heard the May-tide making on and on;  
Until around my being came and curled  
Inundant joy grown deep in mysteries  
Revealed as stars are, not by light alone.  
In that half dark I heard the thrushes call,  
And leaves commune, how from their poplar tall  
Another moon would fling a denser shade:  
And higher suns would hotlier climb, they said.

In that dim hour I hearkened many things  
Come darkling 'twixt the night and day: a shower,  
That touched the broad black poplar into tears  
Of tremulous delight, meseemed had wings  
Whose passing shook the scent from every flower  
And brought their fragrant breathing to my ears.

A wind awoke, and through the hawthorn bosk  
Went like a lover whispering at dusk;  
And starry eyes the cloud had closed awhile  
Looked down again and faded in a smile.

In hollow places, hiding from the dawn  
The night held her last court. With rumour's breath  
Of coming change her hyacinths forsook  
The purple of her presence. I was drawn  
To watch their myriad host that streamed beneath  
Grow larger with each trembling air that shook  
The azure of a new allegiance  
Over their serried sweets' obedience.  
I saw a thrush sweep through them shouting, "Day!"  
They rose in ranks and murmured it was May.

Where couchant bugles lull the ears of Sleep  
When she lies out o' nights among her brood  
Of dewy shadows, where the glow-worms come,  
And great moths go with lustrous eyes to steep  
Their tongues in honeyed hours beside the wood,  
I wandered till I heard a pine tree hum,  
Above my head, old things equivocal.  
And in my brain his magic musical  
Told of forgotten Mays the place had known,  
That none remembered save himself alone.

And here the ground was broken up with sighs:  
Black heath and gloomy furrows filled with dearth  
Made moan upon the hill and in my heart,  
For all I felt the morning in my eyes.

Here like a dark disquiet lay the earth  
From heaven's divine dim breast a thing apart.  
Till on me too as on the place did seem  
Such blind eclipse as Love's celestial dream  
Must wear on earth at times, beyond the sun's,  
When all things men call good go out at once.

So stood I, when there floated high above  
A sound of silver music heard afar,  
Made by no mortal breathings men employ  
But by the life between the lips of Love.  
The first lark in the last light of a star  
Silvered his song and wings and all their joy  
Of beating in blue air. And on me came  
Expectancy, desires without a name,  
Large as the kindling east, wherein a thrush  
Sat burning, mute, upon a golden bush.

A glory grew upon the gorse, untold  
By poet yet, nor e'er by painter caught  
On some sheer breathless moment's mountain height,  
When from each nerve of sense the manifold  
Quick chords of Beauty tremble into thought  
Too swift for words that brush or pen may write.  
Whilst her own auras lit that lonely place  
The Maydawn came, like to the living face  
Of Love beloved amid the gorse and dew  
Of primal planets when the world was new.

Then worked within my soul the yeast of years  
That rose to Man, and which some men call God.

I knew that all this glory was my own.  
So went I on; and holy to my ears  
Earth made her songs for May's white period.  
From each thick-budded hawthorn bower blown  
Came love's exultant clarion call to joy.  
And flowers that timid artifice employ  
Against the damps and darks heard too, I wis.  
I watched them ope their eyes. . . . But Herb-Paris  
I gathered there, for that for true love is.



## Midsummer : Morning

Go gladly; but for greater joy lie down,  
And Joy thy boon and bedfellow shall be—  
Here where the parsley-ferns encompass thee  
In fairy-forest fashion of their own.  
And here, within the breath of breezes blown  
From sunward, Joy shall voice about the woods  
Her high inundant hour's infinitudes,  
And rumours rife with amorous undertone.  
Now passionate dim places gloom with grass  
Deep under hazel arches dusk and still:  
And where a drapet of dog-violet was,  
White bedstraw is and golden tormentil.

. . . . .  
My lady of all dear desire,  
The year is at the full !  
Mid-rapture like Midsummer breathes and sways  
Of sweet things deepest done  
Since bashful lips begun  
When Spring came coyly to Love's long embrace.  
Oh grant in dreams I may acquire  
Some measure of thy grace !  
Here are green grots and grassy caverns cool:  
Leaves dark with verdant sleep  
Where lovers' limbs may keep  
That eloquence no slumber's draughts may dull.  
I feel in lover-wise  
Thy hand across my eyes.

Thy hair is like a sunfire through green leaves wandering:  
It burns upon my brow  
Like kisses lingered through  
When Love for very Love's sake durst nought but kiss and  
cling.  
If thou shouldst seek to slay me now,  
Sweet, would I fear the fire ?  
Or wake to wisdom where I dream a fool—  
If thou shouldst bid me bide me  
In folly, but beside thee ?  
My lady of all dear desire,  
The year is at the full !

## Wayfarings

I love all roads that have green sides of grass,  
Where giant purple knapweeds dark and wild  
Still nod their shaggy welcome when I pass,  
Above pale clover flowers.

I used to think they loved me, as a child;  
And though they have forgotten now, alas,  
And now they only nod where once they smiled,  
I wander there for hours.

I love such ways as lead where no one knows—  
Nor cares, but I: where once the Roman trod.  
Where spreading hogweed stands in stately rows,  
Nor woodbine-breezes cloy.

It may be Fancy, or it may be God—  
A sense is oft-times with me then that goes,  
Past where the larks their utmost song unload,  
Beyond the heights of joy.

I love all goings westward when the way  
Is girt about with evening; when low gleams  
Are yet above dim woods, and yet the day  
Lingers though night appears.

Within my soul a yearning sadness teems.  
From Twilight comes it then? From God it may.  
But certain there is then with me that seems  
Beyond the depths of tears.

## Wisley Pond : Evening

The evening like an echo fades: the lark  
Immortal music feeds on mortal worms,  
And, silent on his earthly quest employed,  
Leaves one late singer to await the dark  
Alone, where erstwhile hundreds had enjoyed  
High feasts of sunset harmony. And swarms  
Of myriad midges in frenetic maze  
Dance madly down their little day to death:  
The bats are busy beating through the haze:  
Far off, an owl hoots somewhere in the heath.

Encircling armies of the serried pines  
Close darkling up their ranks against the dusk,  
Where sucks the water darkling at the sand.  
Only upon the middle mere there shines  
A luminous pale twilight, as they stand  
With sombre breathings brooding, while the husk  
Slips from them silently as time and slow.  
And some there are that lost their place, to fall  
Long-drowning by the margin, long ago.  
Still gaunt and grey the dead limbs drip and call.

They drip, and call to me of days when here,  
As boy, I saw them boldly by the edge. . . .  
I did not dream to drown so near to life  
Were easy, but to-night a Thing of fear  
Grows plainer for the dark, a sound is rife  
Of sorrow in the swart and stunted sedge. . . .  
Hark! . . . 'Twas those poplars shivering at the moon  
As the wind rises with her. . . . Now it comes! . . .  
From all their ranks, as vibrant strings in tune,  
The pines' own diapason moans and hums.

## The Oak in the Forest

Here, when the dark her dusky glamour flings  
Across the breast of midnight's mighty trance,  
I mark the beat of awful planet wings,—  
Lone planets on eternal wanderings;  
And all the lapse of starry circumstance.

. . . . .

Where are you now,—O lives of little span  
That held Love's high communion 'neath my boughs  
And leaves aflower with star-fire,—maid and man ?  
You loved For Ever—so your legend ran—  
And called the stars to witness lovers' vows.

Your secrets have survived you ! And your love ? . . .  
If Love be only not more strong than Death,  
Rest you content, you Memories that rove  
Among the nights around me !—so shall prove  
Unquenched is love though quenched the lover's breath.

And you who loved a minute or an hour !  
And you who with warm eyes looked soft at lust  
And loved in your own fashion, till the flower  
You plucked had withered and its honey-dower  
Was barren and unprofitable dust !

Where are you now, while still the same old fires  
Through years of lonely travel light at last  
Among my branches, cold as dead desires ?  
And yet . . . the lights, the anthems, of the starry choirs  
Seem kinder for your calling in the past.

## Before a Picture

Grey eyes that haunt me like some distant sea  
Whose echoes wreck my soul !  
Cold as death is, and sure as death will be,  
You watch for whom ? for what ? for me ?  
Deadly as some still shoal  
Whereon strange gleams play wanly. But the night  
Is not so dark as your unholy light  
And your desire unnamed.  
Unnamed ? . . . Who knows the anger of your spite  
Shall learn the things that long your heart has claimed,  
Insatiate, inwardly. . . .  
Have done: weep. . . . Nay ! *forgive* me, I am shamed !  
Forgive me !—*MISERY*.

## Summer in Fairlight

Fairlight ! and fair the chequered darks that cloak  
Thy bosom from the wide search of the sun  
With lattice leaves of ash and lichen oak,  
Where little liquid echoes lightly run  
From the damp ledges of thy Dripping Well,  
By ways grown dim with fern-shadows, and spun  
Like silver threads through silence, or the sound  
Of blown trees making murmur in the dell  
When trees and tide hold vague communion—  
As rumours by the sea-winds noised around.

Fairlight ! and fair when Noon o'er sea and land  
Weaves her strong spells of sleep and drowsy stress  
And the enchantment of her glimmering wand  
Mirage makes of the mute sea's breathlessness;—  
When on the further deep the distance calls  
From bloomy banks of shimmering silentness  
With that mute voice that from horizons comes,  
Till on the senses straining seaward falls  
A lapse, wherethrough, down a blue water, press  
Dream-driven craft and fleets of phantasms.

Fairlight ! and fair when wealth of sunset-gold  
Endows the world with Evening's large content,  
For then it seems thy magic manifold  
Takes on a deep, diviner element. . . .  
Here—that saw once the death wings of the Dane  
Beat coastwise filled of murder's fell intent—  
Flows darkling by thy front of cliffs and scars  
The sea that slew the murder-priests of Spain. . . .  
Night comes, and Peace, on sapphire pinions blent,  
Made perfect in a plenitude of stars.

## A New Year's Day

Like silver veins that breathe maroon and mist  
The birches fill The Hollow's heart unheard—  
Though all the streams go murmuring to their tryst  
The pool that holds them silent afterward  
Is not more still with brimful quiet now:  
The winds come nowise here the hills below.

Grey copes of cloud have darkened, all day long,  
The sun's face from his firstling of the year,  
When silence suddenly becomes a song—  
There is no more of winter anywhere!  
But some strong spirit haunting solitudes  
That sings its heart out from the underwoods.

Where pollard willows seem a bush on fire  
For flame-bright growth of fixed resplendency  
This glad ghost of a Phoenix-like desire  
Makes, haply, his incarnate mystery;  
Red willow-shoots that flame-like fire its joy. . . .  
I have heard thrushes sing so—as a boy.

. . . . .

A sky more meet for deathdays than for birth:—  
All day The Hollow had forgot the sun.  
I went: 'twas January on the earth.  
I heard: and lo, a miracle was done!  
And streams that hide save for much murmuring  
Took on a two-fold secret from the thing.



Whereat I sought the willow clump, to see  
The spirit singing through its wattled house;  
Whilst all around forgathered silently  
Such strange Unknown as live behind the boughs.  
They watched me—a dusky shadow-swarm.  
(Sometimes in moon-lit brakes they touch my arm.)

Then as a woman anxious with her mate  
For bridal wonders grew the lonely combe:  
I felt The Mother's yearning for the weight  
Of sun-fired seed fill all her furrowed womb.  
Primordial things, and strange prophetic heat:—  
I felt her holy ardours through my feet.

Like one who in the winter of love's ruth  
Lies out o' nights with his pale love, the stars,  
Because some maid on earth has less of truth  
And graciousness for him than nature sparse  
In all that makes for heaven, there to find  
In far-off fire some passion to his mind,—

In things beyond, to find Life's recompense  
For what the shadow, Fate, can fling on life,—  
To mount on mental longings to immense  
And clasp the constellations for a wife,—  
To flinch no more for smart in sense of loss  
Than night's blue breast that screech owls scratch across,—

(These things are left the bosom grown forlorn,  
When wisdom has forgetfulness for goal,  
Whereof 'tis more to be than not be born

Though the mind turn upon and mock the soul:  
'Tis very death indeed ere life has ceased  
That finds the wind blow always from the east)

So sought I there, though winter's dearth was dumb  
With dreariness and trouble of the skies;  
And found for boon a kindlier Voice was come  
So all the world was taken by surprise  
To such glad purpose that I overheard  
The New Year's wonder spoken, like a word  
Whose echoes breathe a blessing afterward.

## Love Lyrics

(TO A WOMAN.)

I dream of her throughout the day. . . .  
Like clouds across the Milky Way,  
That waken stars and feel the bosom stir  
Of midnight 'neath their soundless flight,  
In dreams my soul upon the night  
Roams silent as a cloud in search of her;  
And finding, finds such joy—not heaven,  
Nor all its stars, has greater even !

(TO NATURE.)

Ah, give her to me, Mother ! All my life  
Is hungry for her ! Oh to call her Wife !  
No more I ask of thee but only this,  
And I will thank thee every time we kiss !  
Mother, thy heart can tell thee how I ache, I long,—  
Mine does but echo thine eternal song. . . .  
Why are these things, dear Mother ? Tell me ! Why ?  
I know not, no, nor wiser men than I !

## A Man's Song

Sundown makes me long for love.  
'Tis not good to lie alone !  
When the west is darkly red  
And the birds prepare for bed ;  
When the star-drift floats above  
And the woods in darkness drown,  
'Tis not good to lie alone.  
Sundown makes me long for love.

Sundown makes me long for love.  
'Tis not good to lie alone !  
Man shall strive by day ; but rest  
In a woman's arms is best.  
Weary days more weary move  
Round to nights no kisses own.  
'Tis not good to lie alone.  
Sundown makes me long for love!

Sundown makes me long for love.  
'Tis not good to lie alone !  
Love should be the end of strife.  
Whoso ne'er has clasped a wife  
Him shall every night reprove,  
That with tender joys should crown.  
Sundown makes me long for love.  
'Tis not good to lie alone !

## A Girl's Song

In summer days  
By lonely ways  
I met a lad who spoke to me.  
We both were young:  
We did no wrong:  
Nor were there eyes to see.

But what we did,  
Or where we hid,  
The birds alone were witness of,  
Or if we both  
To part were loth.  
I liked him well enough.

And now I'm wed.  
He may be dead.  
And husbands are not always kind.  
I sometimes pass  
That way, alas,  
And listen to the wind.

## A Child's Song

Down by the mill-pool,  
Ere the swallows come,  
Where the water tumbles  
Ever into foam,  
Blooming in the springtime,  
Long before the swallows,  
Brave and bold,  
Full of gold,  
See the sunny sallows !

Down by the mill-pool,  
When we're fast asleep,  
Men with lighted lanterns  
Round the sallows creep.  
Catching 'em in hundreds—  
Some as big as swallows !  
Shaking moths  
Into cloths,  
All along the sallows !

## Michaelmas Daisies

### SONG.

Wanly blue-and-gold beneath her golden-blue  
Where SEPTEMBER's peace has passed into the skies,  
Where the quiet breath of autumn creeping through  
Clothes maturing apple-garths in mellow guise,  
They are blooming by the orchard, all arow.  
And they mock me with the sun's peace in their eyes.  
Till I seem to see you stand,  
With the daisies in your hand,  
In that soft September sunlight long ago.

Have you since come here to wonder why we met  
In this garden-close beside the apple-trees ?  
Do the daisies know we parted, even yet,  
When their pale eyes feel them kissed on by the bees,  
That they sway themselves together, to and fro,  
In this golden calm, for all there is no breeze ?  
While I seem to see you stand,  
With the daisies in your hand,  
In that soft September sunlight long ago.

By the wildwood where we wandered and the stream  
There are memories of an autumntide that was.  
In the fern-filled hollow where we went to dream  
Lie the dreams we left, that other Michaelmas.  
But in places that none ever seems to know  
Had in years ago a greener kind of grass,  
By the orchard hedge you stand,  
With the daisies in your hand,  
In that soft September sunlight long ago.

## Sibylla

A DREAM, AFTER A GLIMPSE OF THE BUTTERFLY, *Limenitis*  
*Sibylla*, IN A KENTISH WOODLAND.

In wayless wildwood where such shadows meet,  
Green shades that crossed the sunlight on slow feet  
Moved eastward down the gold of afternoon.  
Fern—where the foxglove flowers, and lizards fleet:  
And bramble bosks—where bees come and commune.

The lizards fleet and flash among the fern:  
With purple pride the foxgloves brood and burn:  
The silver blowth of brambles in July  
Wings the wild bees with rapturous return:  
And with the wild bees to the woods go I.

As one who hides him—when the clouds are slow  
On far-off hillsides and noon's afterglow  
Mounts like a scented sunfire in his brain,  
Whereof warm dreams and golden come and go—  
In a green place where dryads might have lain,

Or some wild nymph of woodlands lately gone  
To coy in deeper coverts, who anon  
May yet return, and, feeling her surprise  
Grows while by mortal glances fed upon,  
Seal with her mouth a sleep upon his eyes.

So, the beginning: and I found it good,  
And a great store of honey in the wood—  
Such sweets as man may cull from dreams for drink,  
Midsummer's drowsy draughts that draw the blood  
Dream-wise; they made me drunkard there, I think.



For I sat darkling in cool shadows deep;  
And the dim leaves spake to me slowly—"Sleep,"  
But, lest I failed of deeper dreams, her name  
Of dusky wings wherefrom white wonders leap,—  
"SIBYLLA": cloudy, but with stars she came.

She floated by the foxgloves; and I heard  
Her name within me waken like a word  
Of tender whispers told to slumber's tide.  
Belike the leaves that loomed about me stirred—  
Blown hair they breathed, of some warm-waking bride.

To silver shine of bramble-flower she wed  
Such tremulous desire the brake, instead,  
A birth of starry bloom seemed bent upon.  
Awhiles I watched. . . . Dreams rose into my head  
With dusk and fire of her: the sun was gone!

Then *Her* I saw,—blue darkness filled the land,—  
The sky behind her, trees on either hand:  
Fledged by the night she stood so, unawares—  
Where dusk wings were, now by the heavens vanned  
And with intolerable delight of stars.

"Now surely she," I said, "is very fair!  
The night has wrought wide pinions thus for her.  
Behold, she brings stars to me by her grace!"  
At that her shut eyes opened 'neath her hair,  
As I drew close. It was my lady's face!

My lady who in dreams is good to me !  
Of strange sweet ways she is and mystery  
That with soft hands she lays love on my eyes—  
Love woven into dreams, wherethrough I see  
Two lovers make them one in paradise.

No sins are in that Eden, only love :  
Its seven days are full of flowers thereof,  
Its seven nights—of stars to gather by ;  
And on the seventh there are stars enough :  
My lady is as sweet as she is shy.

Therefore I durst not speak for tenderness.  
I wot there are such things Love may express  
By silence, as by splendour, of his wings.  
There seem no stars by noonday, but they guess  
Rightly, I wot, who hold there be such things.

Whereat she smiled,—her eyes with dreams unblown  
Were as twin flowers by twilight overgrown  
That loosens all their sweetness on the dark.  
I knew she smiled from dreams where we, alone,  
Lay under leaves when none were there to mark.

A veil of gauze, as fine as moonlit dew,  
Lit her lithe limbs and let their longing through,  
For now my lady moved, and now the brake  
Clung hard upon her subtile shape anew :  
I feared for her dear whiteness' tender sake.

I ne'er had known my name could sound as sweet—  
She put such wistful welcome into it.

I took the thorns unheeded in my hands  
And felt her grateful gladness move to meet  
My lips, in ways a woman understands.

Released from out the bondage of the briers—  
Unbound, she would not break from the desires  
That drew our bosoms close with kindlier bond. . . .  
The stars for joy redoubled all their fires;  
The fern put forth her fragrance—every frond.

“ Sibylla, sweet ! ”—the blue dark shone; the wood  
Made all its leaves to murmur like our blood—  
“ There is no name that I may love you by  
So sweet as may suffice love’s amplitude. ” . . .  
The stars sang, all together, from the sky.

“ Yet, since I love, content you, ”—and we kissed:  
As autumn moonlight were her eyes for mist—  
“ My maiden-bride of many midnights ! come  
Winged with white stars to flutter in my breast  
And melt my veins to molten honeycomb. ”

“ Say how you love me: say it all, ” she said—  
A whisper creeping upwards o’er her head;  
That blushed because my heart-beats brought her shame,  
Though wherewithal her ears were comforted  
For that her body shared both bliss and blame.

Now surely God was good to me ! Her throat  
Leaned back half hurt beneath my hand that wrote

With sudden stain of passion on its white.  
And from low lids looked forth for antidote  
Eyes half ashamed surprised in their delight.

"I love you for your love and tenderness,  
Your gracious ways that but rebuke to bless  
The savage still in most men living lone.  
I am ashamed, before such gentleness  
That my desires are fiercer than your own."

"Albeit, I am constrained to keep me pure  
For you, my one delight's investiture:  
All of my life I am grown fain to give.  
I wot death with you well I might endure—  
Since if you die small wish have I to live."

"You are the grace of God in whom I trust.  
Only my love is holier than my lust:  
My body is aflame from every sense  
To burn upon your altars, down to dust—  
Yea, all my days I would do reverence."

At that my lady caught my lips to hers;  
And from her mouth I felt a universe  
Of starry things wax eloquent for bliss.  
Unborn, from far-off baffled lives and worse,  
Joy came to fruit; and tears were in her kiss.

We, hand in hand, had wandered: now we sank  
Into dim grass: and ferny shadows dank

With cool delight of dewfall, calm with night,  
Stood sentinel about us, rank on rank,  
And ash-trees' plummy tops all starry-dight.

Her limbs lay fast to mine—soft limbs that shone  
As clouds behind which late the moon has gone:  
She loosed her hair from out its bonds and bound  
My head to hers, with hands love wrought upon  
So much—from sheer excess of joy I frowned.

Wherefore her gentleness was grieved, and grew  
One with the night and star-filled trees and dew,  
And made to kiss me so between the eyes  
I felt like him long pain has stricken through—  
Who finds him healed and under evening skies.

Such are my lady's lips for gentle ways—  
Perfect: and he who would perfection praise  
Should be more poet than am I, although  
I did love-labour half my mortal days  
To paint one picture of her kissing so.

Lest that my ears had heard her loving heart  
Beat out too much of music for the part  
That modesty bids woman's body take  
In that old chorus whence Love learnt his art,  
A sudden shame had sent her through the brake.

I durst not let her go for love of her,  
Who is for me beyond all maidens fair,

And as are maids for men, whene'er we meet,  
In those long dreams wherein she lets me wear  
Her kisses, for her favoured favourite.

So that I held her like a flower; and fed  
My lips upon the blossom of her head;  
And kissed her eyelids down; and made her lips  
Sweet silent signs for lovers newly wed—  
Mute in their wait for maidenhood's eclipse.

"Sibylla!"—and, afloat adown the dark,  
Old songs the morning and the evening lark  
Had left, I heard, and in my pulse the pang  
Of nightingales: and through my veins a spark  
Of midnight's most mercurial splendour sprang—

"I would awake no more and find you not!  
I am grown even as a harp, I wot,  
Whereon no hands make music; but the wind,  
Who lusteth while he listeth in that spot,  
Comes, and leaves echo-aching strings behind."

"For very love I am grown sick of life  
Without you! Yea, my body is but strife,  
And all my soul is as a stricken place  
Wherein wild men strive round a sleeping wife!"  
I saw a change come darkling on her face—

Seen hardly now for dusk of red that dims;  
Yea, one great rose, sent upwards to the brims

Of shadow sweet with hair of her: her breasts  
Waxed full with fire as amorous moons: her limbs  
Were lures Love laid for men in old forests.

Her wild white witchery was hardly still  
In tremulous warm silence ere the will  
To fly the thing she longed for left her then:  
There are some dreams the twain of us fulfil  
Where God is very good to lonely men.

My wildflower gathered under starry streams!  
My wildwood-wife who loves me out of dreams!  
My maiden-bride of ferny nights and bowers!  
My lady whose white passion-flower gleams  
Star-like among a cloud of sleeping-hours!

## The Noon-Spell

Now in dense wolds of summer, dark with leaves,  
The spell is working in the middle wood,—  
Watched of slow clouds and seen within my blood.  
O Mother Nature, now my heart perceives  
And mine eyes *feel* the magic of thy mood;  
That with tense passion weaves  
Hushed incantations round this hour of thine  
So all the earth is still. . . .  
Hast thou made mute the murmur of the pine  
That I may better hear this heart of mine,  
*"Only a cloud moves hardly from the hill"?*

O Mother Nature, hearken! 'Tis the hour. . . .  
Now all my being to thy breast is caught!  
Bind me my brows with vision so the noon  
Like some green boschage teems  
(Watched far away through telescopes of thought—  
As men through glass watch quiet breed afar  
'Neath settled leaves of umbrages remote)  
With silence and the loosestrife's purple dower;  
Some grey-green island in a tide of dreams,—  
A cloud of willows floating,—so it seems  
Silence itself in flower.  
O Mother Nature, grant in me this boon. . . .  
I dare not speak thee loud. This aspen brake  
Forgets to breathe for very passion's sake:  
The trees have lost their tune:  
And all around their leaves forget to shake  
In this vast vague mid-rapture that is noon.



Loosestrife . . . and yellow comfrey let there be  
(I will lean down and listen in the fern—  
So mayest thou better answer make to me)  
In this dream-island hour set in noon's waveless tide. . . .  
Hardly a ripple rounds it. I discern  
A matron Summer—mantled as a bride  
Below her in the dusks the willows cast.  
Ever she sits and dreams, and at her side  
The smooth, slow, silent waters eddy past.  
Below, in that dark mirror of their deeps,  
She is made young with Spring and bridal hope:  
And where a willow weeps  
Among the shade of its long hair's grey cope  
Spring smiles at her; until a shadow creeps  
O'er dreams in cloudy sleep now lost at last.

I know not if I sleep. . . . All things are strange. . . .  
And if the trees are real I hardly know.  
Through eyes that once had watched them long ago  
In this green light I feel the shadows change. . . .  
In the near fields, brimful of quietness,  
The drowsy kine their dusky bodies hide  
Among thick shades adown the covert side,  
There where the light is low. . . .  
I feel upon my face a Dryad's tress:  
And in my veins the oaks their sap have breathed.  
The clouds have filled my brain full of the skies.  
I will lie down with all my body sheathed  
In their strong sleepiness. . . .  
O Mother, lay thy hand upon mine eyes.

Oh let me lose myself, myself forget,—  
With thee my soul attune

Where joy is dream, lest waking be regret. . . .  
Let me remember warm green places wet:—  
Some glowing afternoon  
Of rain and sun when May the throes of June  
Felt full in her where hawthorn ardours met,  
And all her bosom swoon.  
Oh let me feel the Spring when Summer comes  
Touch with a trance each pulse along my veins.  
Or let me to far fields where idly hums  
The great wild bee his drowsiest refrains. . . .  
I feel thy glamour falling, falling, falling.  
Now may I lose myself in thee for sure.  
I hear old voices calling, calling, calling. . . .  
I am become an echo, that remains,  
Of suns and songs and winds and trees and rains. . . .  
An echo ? Yea, the Present is no more.

April 15th, 1912

Feast ye and sing for awhile ! Night cometh, and soon  
shall ye sleep  
In my dense dark places of death where none shall disturb  
you in time,  
Nor the sound of the world shall come ever, till Earth shall  
be stricken and leap,  
And the rattle of bones and of iron shall answer Catas-  
trophe's chime.

Is it finished ? So soon ? Is it dark down there, O children  
of earth ?  
For most of you light shall trouble tired eyes out of sleep  
never more.  
Yea, for some, it were kinder ye buried were, deeper than  
death is from birth,  
Than to drift, with your death-opened eyes, where is  
only a sun for a shore.

Only a sun ! and the stars that are suns !—letting loose with  
their light ere ye left,  
Haply, the night of the womb whence ye brake into earth-  
light and love :  
And the beams that were born ere ye brake—ye of living  
and loving bereft,  
Shall visit you quiet at night, and the flesh of your bodies  
remove.

But a sense of a Something beyond—a shadow of *different*  
stars,  
Shook off my desire, and went on, neither loving nor  
hating, and ran  
More swift than the wave of the world to the knees of its  
own avatars,  
And stronger in silence than storm in my ears made  
answer, THE SPIRIT OF MAN.

## In Memoriam

Captain Scott and the "very gallant gentlemen" who  
died with him, March, 1912

TIME's mysteries are MAN's chief monument :

Truth quarried by his courage witness bears  
That he may harness heaven to his bent

Whose knowledge is the sum of all the years.  
Now to earth's secret place his feet have striven !

Where ages turn in Desolation's womb  
And dearth to ghastly death-in-life is given  
To him is given glory for a tomb !

The unapparent South  
Yields up her truth in tribute to the brave :

And from a dead man's mouth,  
Above the horror of her winds that rave  
With pitiless wide murder o'er his grave,

THE SPIRIT OF MAN, undaunted, mocks his doom.  
Honour to them ! Who, 'midst the fruitless throes

Of barren birth, and monstrous ice and gloom,—  
Where, hundred-leagued, the ambush of the snows  
Awaits to choke with death

All fruit of mortal breath  
And hide the thing MAN's lips spake ere they froze,—  
Went forth for Truth and found ! The whole world  
knows !

# Sonnets



## Absolutio : The Release of the Dayspring

Sleep, hiding in her hair the dreams of men,  
Crept from the world: the calm grey feet of morn  
Stirred on the drowsy darkness of the corn:  
And August woke among the hills again.  
And star by star unloaded was The Wain,  
As from his dusky penthouse they were borne;  
The whiles a daybreak-bird's indubious horn,  
Reiterate, far echoed from the plain.

In that large hour the little shadows come  
And spread themselves from grass and stone and tree  
When breaks the vast wave of Expectancy,  
Whose orient hush has held the dark earth dumb,  
I stood on the high hills and felt the sum  
Of many shadows pass, in mine, from me.



## Dusks of Sleep

Came one to me along the dusks of sleep  
In such a guise as made my heart of fire,—  
My dream, of magic filled, as from a lyre  
Touched by some vaster passion's wings that sweep  
Through all the fundamental chords to reap  
The madness from the music of Desire.  
She, through low leaves and crimson flowers, nigher  
And ever nigher to my bed did creep.

Then silence fell. I lay—like Love in trance  
From extreme torture of his hour delayed—  
Below the mute mad meanings of her mouth,  
That filled her hair as though some April shade  
Where nightingales with muted countenance  
Keep watch for loves long coming from the south.

## Storm in May

I.

Tall poplar trees that tempt a thunder-sky:  
And cavernous great chestnuts girt with bloom.  
And those white founts of fragrance which illumine  
The dark clear daylight where the hawthorns lie:  
At midnight, when the moon has mounted high  
And dropped her pale contagion on the gloom,  
So have I seen them shine, and shadows loom  
Even as now among them and as nigh.  
For all the clouds draw in, by closures grey,  
Till one grows dread, and darkling mutters deep;  
(If God has ever spoken in His sleep  
I have no doubt it was in such a way)  
And through the chestnuts' arboured grottoes creep  
Echoes that hush the blackbird in the may.

II.

Why is the world so solemn stilly grown?  
Hardly the poplar moves in all her spire.  
And here the wan wild-parsley seems of wire,  
So stiff it stands; nor any leaf has blown,  
Surely, since loud that last bird's flight was flown  
A while ago. . . . Ah! Godhead of Desire!—  
The polar-loves' intolerable fire  
Comes with a frightful fusion to its own! . . .  
A hundred lions hide in yonder hill;  
They roar at once! The trees go frantic—SOUND,  
Like huge old worms that gnaw them underground,  
Makes all the woods with shuddering echoes fill. . . .  
Now on the blowth the bright shafts wreak their will  
As the rain's ruin dyes the grass around.

## Sea-Lone

The sea speaks; and her lonely voice is heard  
With far-off passion by the inland pine:  
A silence in the west grows more divine  
With echoes of her immemorial word  
That sadness which is sunset might have stirred—  
There where the heart of day's deserted shrine  
Lets out its last of life incarnadine—  
In her, for votive memories afterward.

For me, I wait and listen. In my blood  
She shakes the pulses with that solemn tone.  
There is some secret Time has made her own  
Too long, too large: not all her maidenhood  
May hide some longing hardly understood. . . .  
Or is it *I* who would not be alone ?

## Mate-Magic

By such enchantments is my soul pursued  
As, woven, might be nets for starry things,—  
To take some amorous meteor as he springs  
Filling half heaven with his excitement's mood  
At some star fair beyond its multitude,—  
So strong they come. . . . Some unseen siren sings  
Within the passionate twilights of her wings  
And lures men on to Love's dear hardihood. . . .  
And now with immaterial meshes warm  
They draw my being: scarcely I may know  
Aught but—*She waits among the woods below.* . . .  
In night's blue flower the starry splendours swarm  
Thick with strange sweets. . . . If e'er in love be harm  
God knows it was not I who made it so !

## The Elm-Ridge

I.

The west is loud with wind awake and wild  
To sow a hundred paces of their lee  
With ravished gold that makes a harmony  
Of dying leaves to songful death beguiled.  
And sometimes things but hardly reconciled,  
Of frantic sorrow sudden brought to be,  
From the black harp of every stricken tree  
Break out in moan, or sob like to a child.  
Sometimes, also, a note of music shakes  
Its broken echoes o'er leaves fallen far  
Among sere grass and spotted bramble brakes,  
Whose deathward flight is watched by the first star.  
These only from the topmost boughs are swirled. . . .  
Dreams—starry-high—are scattered round the world.

II.

Each side the ridge are woodlands grey and grim  
The dusk afresh clothes on with glooming shade.  
Therein are such as will not be gainsaid—  
Their hour is come for spectral things and dim.  
They rise when starbeams fall and quicken them  
With fires eterne that quickened man and maid  
Ere joys of life and love asleep were laid  
With death, whose leaves and loves are one to him.

One shadow of two shadows breast to breast  
Now from the wood stands forth, the whiles I hear  
The elm-tree harps give of their solemn best;  
Two shadows of a shade, now, like to Fear—  
The love that knew no kisses knows not rest,  
A cry from nightwards echoes down the west.

## Leith Hill

I.

Old watcher of the ancient Street of Stane !  
Who sawest, beneath, that last of Rome go by;  
And myriad years of sunset wax and die,—  
Of stricken stars by shafts of morning slain;  
How many a monstrous midnight filled the plain  
With black vast seas of shadows, whence the cry  
Of baffled winds about thee and the sigh;  
How moons unknown of men were wont to wane.

Old guardian of strange secrets unrevealed  
To mortal eyes and ears ! thy swarthy brow,  
Night-furrowed 'neath the starry Titan's plough,  
Hath knowledge in what wise the pathless Weald  
Gloomed, when afar his hate the mammoth squealed. . . .  
And I may lie within thy bosom now.

II.

The larch and pine with ocean commune keep  
Of immemorial moment—talk that flows  
Out of a time that saw how waters rose  
And fell, with all the passion of the deep,  
Hungry before thee to yon southern steep  
Where that far Southdown shadow comes and goes.  
And the gorse flames, and here the heather glows,  
Till the years climb upon thy knees to sleep.

Oft have I felt toward thee from afar  
Out of the south ! Yea, I have heard thee call  
When thy great head beneath the northern star  
Hath nodded through some solemn evening's pall  
As I have drawn me nearer, and to me  
Seemed like a friend strong in large sympathy.

## Moontide

Now her inundant coming laps the hill;  
And the strong argent of the moontide's flush  
Spreads out along autumnal ranks of rush;  
While the stiff tawny sedges standing still  
Pass each by each obedient sentinel  
The watchword of the night's translucid hush. . . .  
And starry craft—that sometimes westward push  
Slow prowls all night across the pool and fill  
Its furlong with a myriad leagues of heaven—  
Fade like to phantoms. . . . Now a white owl goes  
Through broad oblivions down his ghostly beats  
Where white waves drown the starry craft by fleets. . . .  
Oft have I watched the pool when the moon rose:  
I see the owl hide in its moonlight even.

## Ad Infinitum

Blown cloud-rack brings a beauty to the stars:  
And loud the long night labours without rest  
To this high worship of her avatars  
Through dim reverberant archways of the west.  
Now do the clamant winds that dusk the skies  
Each sitting splendour with their incense move;  
Heaven hears, and glides, and opes and shuts its eyes:  
Space echoes with a Universe in love.

The spirit of zodiacal Desire,  
Whose midmost shrine intolerably is there,  
Draws, as a dance draws, her irradiate choir  
With planetary passion in her hair.  
My soul, above the earth-wind's wanderings  
Caught up, communes with her, the Soul of Things.



## November

A song-bird, silent, by a beamless sun  
Sits where the winds fall dead beyond each leaf,  
Dank with slow-weeping, motionless, veiled grief,  
November drops about her, one by one.  
Here brackens break their stubborn hearts upon  
The swarthy memories of green joys—as if  
For days that bound their glowing emerald sheaf  
With dim delights of dewfall—past and done.

The dusky breath of woodlands pales and glooms:  
Strange shadows meet and part across the wild:  
And through the mist—as quiet as a child  
Grown solemn at a darkling place of tombs—  
Life watches death. . . . There comes a Mystery  
Like ghosts at night that haunt one from the sea.

## To Mrs. Hyndman

JULY 1ST, 1913.

Mother of those whose need of mothering  
Made them your children ! By your open grave  
High summer speaks with voice tall poplars have  
At noon, and larks have found a place to sing,  
Though round July's blue mirror coil and cling  
The factory's dark breath. For you, who gave  
Love-labour, yet more men shall live to save  
The seed of men from Mammon's harvesting.  
Wherefore, I think you would not have us weep  
That stand together here and in the sun  
Look last on you, who from long labour won  
This quiet ground's full heritage of sleep,  
But tears within the heart would have us keep  
That human love like yours grows fresh upon.

## Labour Unrest

I.

I met men going loudly through the land:  
And each man made his mouth the clarion  
Of Truth. I hearkened things ere they were gone  
That any fool, they said, could understand.  
Meseemed it came about the earth was planned  
So men might Profits make e'en from the sun.  
(Of shining bright examples there were none  
More clear or ready to man's eye or hand.)  
Thus was the sun a sign, for high emprise  
Set forth in heaven, and for earth reward.  
Nay! Christ, they call God's Son, put in His word  
For Cæsar, with the tribute in His eyes.  
(Thereat some fools made answer in surmise  
That patient men would come to curse the Lord.)

II.

But if it be (as some have hardly guessed)  
Exalted gold begets a kindred creed  
Whose votive hands grow gradually to greed,  
May CAPITAL not bear SELF-INTEREST?  
For him who now fulfils his faith the best,  
What shall be said? Has he not sown the seed?  
Has not the harvest fruit for him indeed?  
For him the sun shall rise along the west.  
Or,—hate shall be his guerdon who has sown  
Hatred, for love of gold,—who mouthing Christ,  
That poor men may keep heaven for their shares,  
Does blasphemy against that orient throne  
Where Truth restores the psychic palimpsest  
Till Manhood's meaning rises on the years.

## Mammon

Hypocrisy's arch-thief of Souls ! thy birth  
Was bestially begotten in this wise :—  
Thy dam for lust of Gold lay down with Lies  
To found a brothel's dynasty for earth ;  
That honest lust she might debauch, and dearth  
Be purer passion's portion ; as the skies  
Through lips of falsehood in the priest's disguise  
Mocked mundane life of souls for little worth.  
Apotheosised pimp ! by grace of greed  
Grown godhead, till of Man thou shalt be slain !  
With gods that scorned, and helped thee in thy need  
By vile impostures on the poor, remain  
For meaning, that the Soul of Man may know  
Their truth begat their final overthrow.

## “ While Human Nature’s what it is ”

When Neolithic craniums were smashed  
By celts of stone the same excuse was found  
Among the philosophic gathered round,  
And brains with social epigram were dashed.  
Ofttimes the penny-pundits’ pens have splashed  
This ink of instinct broadcast with a sound  
Of many engines moistening such ground  
As once the prehistoric rains had plashed.

Were Human Nature other than it were  
In places long forgotten by the sun,  
The phantom men call Progress might appear,  
And the soul’s life, now narrow as the seas,  
Might broaden into drinking-troughs—begun  
In vain while Human Nature’s what *it is*.

## Blasphemy Laws

Earth waits for Justice while men watch the sky.  
Bound by the throat she lay, as with a cord,  
Her darkening lips from priestcraft's gripe abhorred  
Sending along the years their stifled cry  
For man to put her shameful slaying by.  
Now at the light of Truth's revolted sword  
Another god goes like an overlord  
Who has outlived the terror of his eye.

Who claim to have the word of Deity  
Anent some future heaven shall go forth  
Themselves into the future—things for mirth:  
No vaunt so vain as their humility,  
As much a jest as Jove has come to be,  
For men who claim a larger life on earth.

## “ Red England ”

“Imagination and Property go together. . . .”—*Vide* the above book issued by an anti-socialist organisation.

This, then, is Truth of Wisdom ! For such end  
Christ crucified hung bleeding from the cross.  
Imagination fires but its own loss  
That may not wealth of Fortune's fuel spend.  
That soul may rise whose wings for gain descend.  
And poets who have sung of Mammon's dross  
Have brains as poor in blowth as arctic-moss  
Beside the tropic grandeurs gold has penned.  
This thing for Truth of Souls ! by Property  
Man justifies his making, and his God's.  
Lest Avarice should fail for avatars  
Shall Dividends behold Divinity  
Through eyes of nobler ardours than the clod's—  
Whose guineas glow scarce brighter than the stars.





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